

ON COURSHIP.

WOULD you act the prudent lover,
Still maintain the manly part ;
Let not downcast looks discover
All the sorrows of your heart.

Women, soon the truth divining,
Silly laugh, or sharply rail,
When the swain, in accents whining,
Tells his melancholy tale.

Nor, by sanguine hopes directed,
Use a victory's haughty strain ;
Every nymph, by pride protected,
Learns to scorn the forward swain.

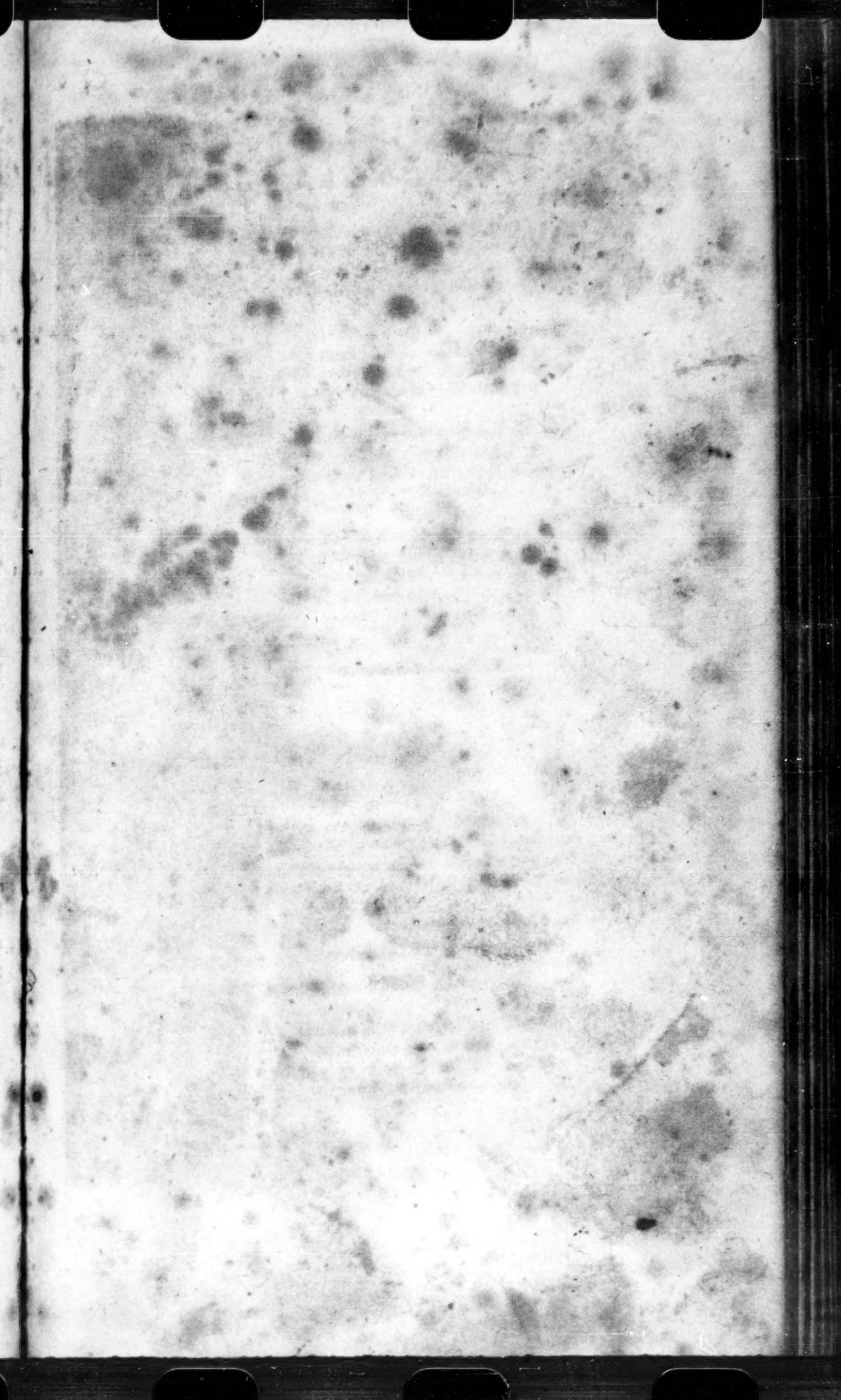
Him for conquest Love shall fashion,
Him the Graces all attend,
Who to the most ardent passion
Joins the lover and the friend,

FROM ANACREON.

FAIN would I strike the lyre to kings,
And give to War the sounding strings,
But lo ! the chords rebellious prove,
And tremble with the notes of love.

In vain I quarrel with my lyre,
In vain I change the rebel wire ;
Boldly I strike to War again,
But Love prevails through all the strain.

O, since not master of the shell,
Ye kings, and sons of War, farewell !
And since the Loves the songs require,
To Venus I resign the lyre.



" Thy blessed spirit dwells above
 " In the resplendent realms of day.

" On midnight balls and masquerades
 " The gay licentious crowd expend
 " What might unnumber'd beings save
 " From Penury's distressful end.

" Since feebly beats Constantia's pulse,
 " And languid flows the vital tide,
 " Kind Heav'n, permit me here to die,
 " And rest by my Fidelio's side."

TO CONTENT.

COME, sweet Content ! O fill my breast !
 And there for ever reign ;
 With thee O let me go to rest,
 And with thee rise again.

And thus may I fulfil my days,
 Nor fear th' approach of death---
 But when mortality decays,
 With thee resign my breath !

EXTEMPORE.

To a lady, observing that the writer had a faded r

THIS Rose, my fair, has fragrance left,
 And once was in full bloom,
 As is my Julia ; but bereft
 Of beauty, by Time's doom.

Your wit, your elegance, and ease,
 Spite of his envious blast,
 Shall still my ravish'd senses please,
 And bless me to the last.

AUGUST 21, 1797.

313

E P I G R A M.

On the Dutch, and the Chief General that subdued them.

TOUGH General *Pichegru*, 'tis said,
With General *Panic* struck their nation;
Of General *Deluge* more afraid,
They shrank from General *Inundation*:
Then General *Dam*, the Dutchman's boast;
Was death-struck by the General *Weather*;
More was done by General *Frost*,
Than all the Generals put together.

P I T A P H.

BY A NORTH BRITON.

HERE lies a man, who in his time
Thought poortith was an unco crime;
For which he led a wretched life,
And starv'd to death an honest wife:
Sae laith was he to waste his geer,
He starv'd his cow, he starv'd his mare;
But best of a' he starv'd himself,
And gaed wi' hungry guts to —.

ON AN ECHO.

NO more the sportive Echo chide,
O swain, with notes by your supply'd;
While thus I mimic voice, I try,
If you are silent, so am I.

What time mild evening waves her banners grey,
Oft have I rov'd with wand'ring steps and flow,
Thro' scenes, where Hope extends a glimm'ring ray,
And try'd to ease th' oppressive weight of woe.

In vain---Oblivion's pow'rful hand deny'd
Her opiate balm to sooth my aching breast ;
But sad remembrance, to despair ally'd,
Drove from my wakeful couch the curtain'd * rest.

Till bright religion heard my plaintive strain,---
She whisper'd comfort from her radiant state :
Taught by her gentle voice, I smil'd at pain,
And frown'd defiance on the storms of fate.

" Far from monastic ease---exert your pow'rs,
" Go---close the wakeful eyes of pale distress ;
" Sooth the sad mind, which poignant grief devours,
" And aid the cause of general happiness. †

" For know, beyond this vale of dire despair,
" Knows, there's a clime, where heav'nly joys arise :
" Where virtue shall sublime desires prepare,
" And gleam with meteor ray beneath it's native skies. *

C. S.

ON GENIUS.

An Impromptu.

GENIUS, fine eccentric pow'r,
Charmer of the transient hour,
Vivid as the brilliant rays
Darting from the diamond's blaze,

* ——— wicked dreams abuse,
The curtain'd sleep.

Macbeth, Act III.

† *Vide Semichorus in Mason's Elfrida.*

Keenly feeling joy, or woe,
 E'er expos'd to overthrow :
 Envy points its shafts at thee,
 Poison'd with malignity :
 Beings of a sordid kind,
 To superior merit blind,
 Suffer thee to pine in shade,
 When on sickly couch thou'rt laid,
 Joy to think thine end is near,
 And wish to see thee press thy bier.

CONSTANTI A.

AN ELEGY.

WHAT tho' the tear distain the cheek,
 And faded be the brilliant eye,
 Yet pamper'd Lux'ry suffers grief
 To pass its door unheeded by.

Her husband---her protector gone,
 In wild despair Constantia view ;
 Forlorn and friendless, doom'd to range,
 Chill'd by the nightly-falling dew.

Nor wou'd she take the meed of vice
 To flaunt in meretricious dress ;
 In Virtue's path she loves to tread,
 Tho' clad in weeds of wretchedness.

I've seen her oft, by moon-light beam,
 Reclining on the mossy stone
 Where her Fidelio's ashes lie,
 Indulging in sad, plaintive moan.

" Yes, my Fidelio," then she'd cry,
 " Ere long shall I thy relics join ;
 " Since left, neglected by the world,
 " Who sacrifice at Folly's shrine.

" But you, my husband, felt for all,
 " Nor spurn'd the mendicant away ;

but few conclusions of importance, with regard to medical practice, can be deduced from such extraordinary cases. It is not, however amiss to have ascertained for what length of time the human constitution is able to support itself under abstinence.

M. Pouteau, in the work just now mentioned, has made one observation on this subject which deserves attention. He thinks the virus of cancer may be eradicated by a water-diet, and proposes a plan for that purpose, in which the patient must persist for two months. He assures us, that health and strength are afterwards recoverable by a proper regimen. In one person a complete cure was made by this plan. In others who could not be prevailed upon to follow it more than one month, he says, the disease appeared to be very much mitigated.

A N E C D O T E.

THE celebrated Montesquien, being one day at the house of a Jew, who was a rich banker, found him busily employed in sharpening a knife destined for performing some act of Jewish discipline. Montesquieu having asked him why he sharpened his knife with so much care, he replied, because Moses had commanded that it should have no teeth. Montesquieu then bid him continue his operation, and when the scrupulous Jew was satisfied, the president took out a magnifying glass, and shewed him abundance of large teeth, where the naked eye could discover nothing but a fine edge. "Ah, Sir," cried the frightened Israelite, "it is a real saw; I am quite unhappy; I must begin my labour again." "Be easy," replied Montesquieu, "and consider your knife as properly sharpened; he who made your laws did not use spectacles."

AUGUST 21, 1797.

313

POETRY.

ELEGY.

CHILL blows the wind—exhaling mists arise,
And cast a veil o'er ev'ry prospect fair ;
They shroud the glories of the purple skies,
And spread infection thro' the livid air.

But see the East it's portals wide display,—
Shot thro' with orient beams the gloom is fled ;
See radiant Phœbus shine with crimson ray,
And o'er the world his golden mantle spread.

So to some Abbey's desolated cells,
Pale superstition with her train retires,
Obsequious to religion's pow'rful spells,
And vanquish'd—howls amidst the mould'ring spires.

There sombre discontent, with haggard eye,
Wanders at midnight hour thro' cloisters damp ;
There melancholy heaves a plaintive sigh,
And chants late vespers o'er the paly lamp.

But mild religion, from her throne sublime,
Tells the wild waves of passion ne'er to roll ;
Bids man aspire to gain th' ethereal clime,
And cheers with heav'nly flame the drooping soul.

but few conclusions of importance, with regard to medical practice, can be deduced from such extraordinary cases. It is not, however amiss to have ascertained for what length of time the human constitution is able to support itself under abstinence.

M. Pouteau, in the work just now mentioned, has made one observation on this subject which deserves attention. He thinks the virus of cancer may be eradicated by a water-diet, and proposes a plan for that purpose, in which the patient must persist for two months. He assures us, that health and strength are afterwards recoverable by a proper regimen. In one person a complete cure was made by this plan. In others who could not be prevailed upon to follow it more than one month, he says, the disease appeared to be very much mitigated.

A N E C D O T E.

THE celebrated Montesquien, being one day at the house of a Jew, who was a rich banker, found him busily employed in sharpening a knife destined for performing some act of Jewish discipline. Montesquieu having asked him why he sharpened his knife with so much care, he replied, because Moses had commanded that it should have no teeth. Montesquieu then bid him continue his operation, and when the scrupulous Jew was satisfied, the president took out a magnifying glass, and shewed him abundance of large teeth, where the naked eye could discover nothing but a fine edge. "Ah, Sir," cried the frightened Israelite, "it is a real saw; I am quite unhappy; I must begin my labour again." "Be easy," replied Montesquieu, "and consider your knife as properly sharpened; he who made your laws did not use spectacles."

AUGUST 21, 1797.

313

POETRY.

ELEGY.

CHILL blows the wind—exhaling mists arise,
And cast a veil o'er ev'ry prospect fair ;
They shroud the glories of the purple skies,
And spread infection thro' the livid air.

But see the East it's portals wide display,—
Shot thro' with orient beams the gloom is fled ;
See radiant Phœbus shine with crimson ray,
And o'er the world his golden mantle spread.

So to some Abbey's desolated cells,
Pale superstition with her train retires,
Obsequious to religion's pow'rful spells,
And vanquish'd—howls amidst the mould'ring spires.

There sombre discontent, with haggard eye,
Wanders at midnight hour thro' cloisters damp ;
There melancholy heaves a plaintive sigh,
And chants late vespers o'er the paly lamp.

But mild religion, from her throne sublime,
Tells the wild waves of passion ne'er to roll ;
Bids man aspire to gain th' ethereal clime,
And cheers with heav'nly flame the drooping soul.

March 23d. He was directed to drink a pint of barley water and two cups of panada, which agreed very well with his stomach. He had a little feverish heat in the first part of the night, but slept better than usual.

March 24th. He had this day some mutton tea, the taste of which was most delicious to him, and particularly provoked his appetite. His pulse was 72, small and temperate.

On the 25th, he took a pint of milk for breakfast; a pint of mutton broth boiled with barley, for dinner; and as much rice milk for supper, at his own request. He had considerable cravings for food all that day, and would have taken much more than his allowance.

26th. In the morning he drank tea, and ate a quantity of bread and butter, which he got off from the table in the nurse's absence. Some time after he became sick, and vomited once or twice without much straining. About noon he had a figured natural stool, and presently after two or three loose motions. His urine was of a natural colour, with a light encrema in the middle. His skin always remained dry.

I saw him in the evening, apparently much better: his pulse was at 90, and firmer. He was sitting up in an easy chair, as he found himself somewhat stronger. He spoke now of his complaints like an hypochondriac; thought his eyes and tongue were diminished and wasted away. He said, the sensation of heat in the stomach had never left him, notwithstanding his spare diet. He talked however sensibly enough, and indeed with some acuteness on general subjects; but was soon fatigued by conversation.

27th. He took a little light bread pudding at dinner, and had two eggs for supper: with the taste of these he was particularly pleased. Every thing agreed well with him; he rested well, was more cheerful, and often expressed to me the satisfaction he felt in being freed from his strange delusion.

On the 28th, he seemed recovering apace; his cheeks were more full; his limbs had so far regained their strength, that he could easily walk across the room. He did not sleep much in the foregoing night, nor had had a stool during the day. He said the pain in his stomach had left him, which circumstance contributed much to enliven his spirits.

On the 29th, I found the scene entirely changed: he began to lose his recollection in the preceding evening; and before midnight became quite frantic, and unmanageable. His pulse was increased in frequency, with considerable heat on the skin, and

tremors. He continued raving and talking very incoherent as he had done during the night. A strong purgative draugh and two clysters administered in the course of the day, produced but little evacuation.

He remained nearly in the same state of mind as above mentioned, scarce ever sleeping, and taking very little nourishment, till the 2d of April, when a considerable quantity of loose feculent matter was brought away by a clyster. Soon after he became sullen, and took no notice of what passed about him.

He was removed at this time into the country, so that I did not visit him again till the 6th of April.

He appeared then emaciated to a greater degree, if possible, than when I at first saw him. His pulse was small and feeble, beating 120 strokes in a minute.

April 7 and 8, he took whatever nourishment was offered to him; knew those around him, and spoke sensibly, but faintly.

On the 9th, in the morning, he died, quite exhausted.

The duration of this young gentleman's fast is, I believe, longer than any recorded in the annals of Physic. He could scarcely have been supported through it, except from an enthusiastic turn of mind, nearly bordering on insanity; the effect of which, in fortifying the body against cold and hunger, is well known to physicians.

In the Mémoires de l'Academie des Sciences, 1769, we have the case of a madman recorded, who lived 47 days without taking any thing but a pint and a half of water per day. He stood constantly in the same position for 33 days of that time; but during the remaining eight, he was obliged to lie down through weakness; and then took nothing, refusing even water.

When he first began to eat again, he recovered his reason for a time, but soon relapsed.

In the Edinburgh Medical Essays, vol. vi. a case is related of a young girl, who fasted, at one time, 34 days, at another time, 54 days, from a spasm, or some obstruction of the oesophagus.

M. Pouteau, in his Œuvres Posthumes, mentions a young lady, thirteen years old, who, being unable to keep solid aliment on her stomach, subsisted eighteen months on syrup of capillaire mixed with water, and in that time grew two inches and a half.

Several other remarkable instances of abstinence may be found in different works, particularly in Stalpart Vancer Wiel's *Observ. Rar.* in the Philosophical Transactions, and in the Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester:

you to dance this day against yours; we are again on an equal footing, and whatever other satisfaction you demand, I am ready."

The officer forthwith embraced the doctor, acknowledged his impertinence, and begged that for the future they might live on terms of the sincerest friendship, which they ever did after.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF ABSTINENCE.

Communicated by ROBERT WILLAN, M.D.

A YOUNG man of a studious and melancholic turn of mind, was affected, during the years 1784-5, with symptoms of indigestion, particularly with sharp pains in the stomach, and a constant sensation of heat internally.

He thought proper, in the year 1786, to begin a severe course of abstinence, hoping, as he informed me, thus to relieve those disagreeable complaints; but, from other circumstances, it appears that some mistaken notions in religion principally induced him to form this resolution.

In consequence of it he suddenly withdrew from business, and the society of his friends, took lodgings in an obscure street, and entered upon his plan; which was, to abstain from all solid food, and only to moisten his mouth, from time to time, with water slightly flavoured with juice of oranges. After three days of abstinence, the craving, or desire for food, which was at first very troublesome, left him entirely: he then pursued his studies and meditations without farther inconvenience. He used no manner of exercise; and slept very little, spending most of the night in writing. The quantity of water used each day was from half a pint to a pint. Two oranges served him for a week: I inquired whether he chewed the pulp; but found that he had only squeezed the juice into the water to give it an agreeable flavour.

He made urine in moderate quantity, always clear and without sediment. He had a natural stool on the 2d day of this course, and again on the 40th day, but after that no more, though he persisted twenty days longer without any variation in his plan.—During the last ten days of it, his strength failed very rapidly:

when he found himself unable to rise from his bed, he began to be somewhat alarmed. Hitherto he had flattered himself that his support was preternatural; and indulged his imagination with the prospect of some great event, which he expected would follow this extraordinary abstinence. But his delusion at length vanished: he found himself gradually wasting and sinking into the grave.

His friends, about the same time, having discovered his retreat, prevailed upon him to admit the visits of a respectable clergyman in the neighbourhood. This gentleman, with great address and judgment, pointed out the fallacy of his visionary ideas; and finally obtained his assent to any plan that might be conducive to his recovery. I was therefore called on to prescribe the mode of treatment, and accordingly visited him, on the 6th day of his fast, March 23, 1786.

He was at this time emaciated to a most astonishing degree, the muscles of the face being entirely shrunk: his cheek-bones and processus zygomatici stood prominent and distinct, affording a most ghastly appearance: his abdomen was concave, the umbilicus seeming to be retracted, from the collapsed state of the intestines; the skin and abdominal muscles were shrunk below the brim of the pelvis, and under the ribs, leaving the space vacant betwixt the ossa ilia, the lower ribs, and spine. His limbs were reduced to the greatest possible degree of tenuity; the ossa ischia, the internal trochanters, and all the processes of the bones being easily distinguishable.

His whole appearance suggested the idea of a skeleton, prepared by drying the muscles upon it, in their natural situations.

His eyes were not deficient in lustre, and his voice remained clear and sound, notwithstanding his general weakness.

I found him labouring under great imbecility of mind. He had undertaken, during this retirement, to copy the bible in short-hand; and this work he had executed very neatly as far as the 2d Book of Kings, with short arguments prefixed to each chapter. He shewed me several improvements he had made in that kind of writing, particularly in the abbreviations. He had also with great diligence put together parallel passages, and traced particular subjects through the whole scriptures, noting their application in different instances, and adding observations of his own. The clergyman, who examined this performance, told me had proceeded regularly at first, with some ingenuity and judgment; but that afterwards he became obscure, and seemed to be lost in endless confusion.

ON TEACHING THE CLASSICS.

THOSE, says Marville, who undertake the instruction of youth, and who read the ancients with their scholars, should point out to their observation the characteristic trait of each of these authors. This manner of teaching might inspire them to emulate these perfect models of composition.

Xenophon, for instance, and Quintilian, are excellent to form the education of young scholars.

Plato will fill the mind with great notions, and elevate them into a contemplation of the sublimest metaphysics.

Aristotle will instruct them acutely to analyse the principles of composition, and to decide on the beauties of the works of imagination.

Cicero will shew them how to speak and to write with grace, Seneca to philosophise.

The elder Pliny opens the mind to a great diversity of knowledge. Æsop and Phædrus, in an amusing way, will form their manners.

Epicetus, and the Emperor Antonius, will afford them advice and counsels in every station of human life.

Plutarch offers the noblest examples of antiquity, and furnishes excellent matter for attic conversations.

Homer displays man in every possible situation, and paints him always great.

Virgil inculcates piety towards the gods, and filial tenderness towards our parents.

In Sallust, the portraits of the great may be contemplated; in Plautus and Terence, those of individuals; in Horace, and the younger Pliny, the delicate eulogiums which may be administered to kings.

But, before these great models are offered to the study of our youth, as they claim a maturity of judgment, let them first be initiated by some elementary work.

AUGUST 21, 1797.

ANECDOTE OF DR. YOUNG.

~~EDWARD DETH DIVIDED~~
THIS eminent writer, and amiable man, was remarkable for the urbanity of his manners and the cheerfulness of his temper, prior to a most disastrous family contingency, which threw a shade on all the subsequent part of his life. He was once on a party of pleasure with a few ladies, going up the water to Vauxhall; and he amused them with a tune on the German flute. Behind him several officers were also in a boat rowing for the same place, and soon came alongside of the boat where the doctor and his ladies were.

The doctor, who was never conceited of his playing, put up his flute on their approach. One of them instantly asked "Why he ceased from playing, or put the flute in his pocket?" "For the same reason," said he, "that I took it out; to please myself." The son of Mars very peremptorily rejoined, "That if he did not immediately take out his flute, and continue his music, he would instantly throw him into the Thames." The doctor, in order to allay the fears of the ladies, pocketed the insult with the best grace he could, and continued the tune all the way up the river.

During the evening, however, he observed the officer, who acted thus cavalierly, by himself in one of the walks, and making up to him, said, with great coolness, "It was, Sir, to avoid interrupting the harmony either of my company or yours, that I complied with your arrogant demand; but that you may be satisfied courage may be found under a black as well as a red coat, I expect you will meet me to-morrow morning at a certain place, without any second, the quarrel being entirely *entre nous*."

The doctor further covenanted, in a very peremptory manner, that the business should be altogether settled by swords. To all these conditions the officer implicitly consented. The duelists met the next morning at the hour and place appointed; but the moment the officer took his ground, the doctor presented to his head a large horse pistol. "What," said the officer, "do you intend to assassinate me?"—"No," said the doctor; "but you shall instantly put up your sword and dance a minuet, otherwise you are a dead man." Some short altercation ensued; but the doctor appeared so serious and determined, that the officer could not help complying.—"Now, Sir," said the doctor, "You forced me to play yesterday against my will, and I have obliged

derstand the game better than I, but you are a little inattentive, for you play too fast ;" or, " you had the best of the game, but something happened to divert your thoughts, and that turned it in my favour."

7th. If you are a spectator, while others play, observe the most perfect silence ; for, if you give advice, you offend both the parties ; him against whom you give it, because it may cause him to lose the game ; him in whose favour you gave it, because, though it be good, and he follows it, he loses the pleasure he might have had, if you had permitted him to think till it had occurred to himself. Even after a move or moves, you must not, by replacing the pieces, shew how they might have been placed better ; for that displeases, and might occasion disputes, or doubts about their true situation.

All talking to the players lessens or diverts their attention, and is, therefore, unpleasing ; nor should you give the least hint to either party by any kind of noise or motion ; if you do you are unworthy to be a spectator.

If you desire to exercise or shew your judgment, do it in playing your own game, when you have an opportunity, not in criticising or meddling with, or counselling the play of others.

Lastly, if the game is not to be played vigorously, according to the rule above-mentioned, then moderate your desire of victory over your adversary, and be pleased with one over yourself.

Snatch not eagerly at every advantage offered by his unskilfulness or inattention ; but point out to him kindly, that, by such a move, he places or leaves a piece *en prise*, unsupported ; that, by another, he will put his king into a dangerous situation, &c.

By this generous civility (so opposite to the unfairness above forbidden) you may happen indeed to lose the game, but you will win what is better, his esteem, his respect, and his affection ; together with the silent approbation and the good will of the spectators.

ACCOUNT OF THE

BREAD-FRUIT-TREE, IN THE WEST-INDIES.

In an extract of a letter from Jamaica, dated the 20th of June 1795.

RESPECTING the Bread-fruit Tree, great numbers in the Island are now in bearing, which is sooner by a year or two than was expected. The fruit grows to the size of a middling Shaddock, and takes about three months to ripen on the tree from the time it first makes its appearance. I have taste it, and think it a very pleasant Bread kind—the taste resembling somewhat between the sweet Cassada and the bottom of an Artichoke. The tree is said to grow to a very great size—two feet diameter in the trunk, and upwards, with large spreading branches, from which the fruit is said to hang in immense numbers. There is a tree now in Hanover, on Mr. Neil Malcolm's estate, that has fifty fruit upon it. There are three very fine ones upon yours, one of which I expect will be fit to pull in a couple of weeks. It is said, that the Tree bears fruit nine months in the year, and continues to flourish to a very great age. A breeze that would blow our Plantain walks down (I do not mean an absolute hurricane) would only blow off the fruit that might then be on the tree, without, in my opinion, injuring the tree at all; in the same manner as you may suppose a severe breeze would blow the fruit off our Aligator Pear-tree; and I consider, were this to happen to the Bread-fruit, in its bearing season, (which period we are not yet well acquainted with), the tree would very shortly after put out new fruit, which would of course, in three months, be fit to eat. Those who are not advocates for the Bread-fruit say, that a few plants of Cocoas are better, and will be more certain, and more productive. There is just one remark on that to be made: we all know the Cocoa cannot be raised without considerable pains and labour in clearing the ground, and keeping them clean; whereas the Bread-fruit when it once has come through the ground, requires neither the one nor the other.

to become habits ready on all occasions : for life is a kind of chess in which we have often points to gain, and competitors or adversaries to contend with, and in which there is a vast variety of good and ill events that are, in some degree, the effect of prudence, or the want of it. By playing at chess, then we may learn.

1st. Foresight, which looks a little into futurity, and considers the consequences that may attend an action ; for it is continually occurring to the player, " If I move this piece, what will be the advantage or disadvantage of my new situation ? what use can my adversary make of it to annoy me ? what other moves can I make to support it and to defend myself from his attacks ? "

2d. Circumspection, which surveys the whole chess-board, or scene of action ; the relation of the several pieces, and their situations ; the dangers they are repeatedly exposed to ; the several possibilities of their aiding each other ; the probabilities that the adversary may make this or that move, and attack this or that piece ; and what different means can be used to avoid this stroke, or turn its consequences against him.

3d. Caution, not to make our moves too hastily. This habit is best acquired by observing strictly the laws of the game ; such as, if you touch a piece you must move it somewhere, if you set it down, you must let it stand.

Therefore, it would be the better way to observe these rules as the game becomes thereby more the image of human life, and particularly of war ; in which, if you have incautiously put yourself into a bad and dangerous position, you cannot obtain your enemies leave to withdraw your troops, and place them more securely ; but you must abide all the consequences of your rashness.

And lastly, we learn by chess the habit of not being disengaged by present bad appearances in the state of our affairs ; the habit of hoping for a favorable chance, and that of persevering in the search of resources. The game is so full of events, there is such a variety of turns in it, the fortune of it is so sudden to vicissitudes, and one so frequently, after contemplation, discovers the means of extricating one's self from a supposed insurmountable difficulty, that one is encouraged to continue the contest to the last, in hopes of victory from our skill ; or, at least, from negligence of our adversary. And whoever considers what in chess he often sees instances of, that success is apt to produce presumption and its consequent inatten-

tion, by which more is afterwards lost than was gained by the preceding advantages, while misfortunes produce more care and attention, by which the loss may be recovered, will learn not to be too much discouraged by any present successes of his adversary, nor to despair of final good fortune, upon every little check he receives in the pursuit of it.

That we may, therefore, be induced more frequently to chuse this beneficial amusement in preference to others, which are not attended with the same advantages, every circumstance that may increase the pleasure of it should be regarded ; and every action or word that is unfair, disrespectful, or that in any way may give uneasiness should be avoided, as contrary to the immediate intention of both the parties, which is to pass the time agreeably :

1st. Therefore, if it is agreed to play according to the strict rules, then those rules are to be strictly observed by both parties ; and should not be insisted upon for one side, while deviated from by the other, for this is not equitable.

2d. If it is agreed not to observe the rules exactly, but one party demands indulgences, he should then be as willing to allow them to the other.

3d. No false move should even be made to extricate yourself out of a difficulty or to gain any advantage ; for there can be no pleasure in playing with a man once detected in such unfair practice.

4th. If your adversary is long in playing, you ought not to hurry him, or express any uneasiness at his delay ; not even by looking at your watch, or taking up a book to read ; you should not sing, nor whistle, nor make a tapping with your feet on the floor, or with your fingers on the table, nor do any thing that may distract his attention ; for all these things displease, and they do not prove your skill in playing, but your craftiness, and your rudeness.

5th. You ought not to endeavour to amuse and deceive your adversary, by pretending to have made bad views ; and saying you have now lost the game, in order to make him secure and careless, and inattentive to your schemes ; for this is fraud and deceit, not skill in the game of chess.

6th. You must not, when you have gained a victory, use any triumphing or insulting expressions, nor shew too much of the pleasure you feel ; but endeavour to console your adversary, and make him less dissatisfied with himself by every kind and civil expression that they may be used with truth ; such as, "you un-

THE PHILOSOPHIC EPHEMERON.

Letter from Dr. Franklin to a Lady in France.

YOU may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopt a little in one of our walks, and staid some time behind the company. We had been shewn numberless skeletons of a little fly, called an ephemera; whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them, on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation; you know I understand all the inferior animal tongues: my too great application to the study of them, is the best reason I can give, for the little progress in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of the little creatures; but as they in their national vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation: I found, however, by some broken expressions, that I heard now and then, that they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians; one a cousin, the other a muscheto; in which a dispute, they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life, as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I, you live certainly under a mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention, but the perfections or imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old grey-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I have put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her, to whom I am so much indebted, for the most pleasing of all amusements; her delicious company, and heavenly harmony. "It was," says he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours: and I think there was some foundation for that opinion, since by the apparent motion of the great luminary, that gives life to all nature, and which in my time, has declined evidently towards the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course--be extinguished in the waters that

surround us—and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of these hours; a great age, no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish and expire. My present friends are the children and grand-children of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas! no more: and I must soon follow them; for by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labour in amassing honey-dew on this leaf, which I cannot live to enjoy? what the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of the bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general! for in politics (what can laws do without morals?) our present race of ephemerae will, in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently, as wretched: and in philosophy how small our progress; Alas! art is long and life is short. My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say I shall leave behind me; and they tell me, I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera, who no longer exists? and what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?—To me, after my eager pursuits, no solid pleasure now remains, but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemerae, and now and then a kind smile, and a tune from the ever amiable brilliant."

THE MORALS OF CHESS.

By Dr. Franklin.

THE game of chess is not merely an idle amusement; several very valuable qualities of the mind, useful in the course of human life, are to be acquired and strengthened by it, so as

he had a heart still young and tender. This old man was to be seen at Paris in November last, in the new street called *des Bons-Enfants*, in the passage to the *Palais-royal*.

METHOD OF FREEING APPLE TREES FROM MOSS.

THIS method consists in daubing over the trunk and all the large branches of the tree, when the sap begins to rise, with a large brush dipped in whiting made of lime, pretty thick; the moss, and all the rotten bark will soon after drop off, and be replaced by a new bark entirely smooth.

REFLECTIONS ON DREAMING, AS IT RELATES TO HEALTH.

PHILosophy and medicine, as we are told, have at first had a common origin, and it is much to be wished that these two sisters had continued to be more intimately connected, and to assist each other reciprocally with their lights.

It is very astonishing that the ancient philosophers should have professed a belief in presages drawn from dreams, and Cicero, who shews the folly of them with so much sound reasoning, would not, perhaps, have thought them worthy of a serious refutation, had he read what Hippocrates says on this subject. The latter, it is true, first makes a distinction favourable to the received opinions of the ancient Greeks, respecting the faith that ought to be given to dreams; he even allows, that to avert the misfortunes with which they threaten us, it is useful and proper to address the gods by prayer; but he afterwards mentions the result of certain observations, which shew, in a striking manner, the influence that the state of the body, and the manner of one's living, have upon the nature of our dreams.

Natural actions, and the phenomena of the heavens and the earth observed during sleep in the accustomed order, indicate, according to Hippocrates, that a person enjoys perfect health, and that there is neither an excess, nor a deficiency in the humours: one ought then to persevere in the same regimen. If, on the contrary, these objects appear in dreams, combined in a confused or whimsical manner, so as to occasion pain, he advises those, who are disturbed by them, to retrench a third of their food, and afterwards to return gradually to the usual quantity. Besides this, he recommends walking, and other bodily exercises, and even those of the voice, such as singing and declamation. This advice ought still more to be followed by those who are of a phlegmatic constitution. Bathing, and diluting food, with moderate exercise, are highly proper for those who are of a slender make, and subject to nervous affections. We do not here speak of those frightful and terrible dreams, which indicate according to the father of medicine, some very great disorder that threatens sickness.

A remark very consoling for the generality of mankind engaged in a busy and active life is, that the more the body is accustomed to endure fatigue, and the inclemency of the weather, the sounder one's sleep is, and the freer from frightful dreams. The experience of all ages confirms the truth of this observation, which may be rendered more striking by an instance taken from Sparman's account of his voyage to the Cape of Good Hope. The Doctor and his companions, in travelling through the deserts of Africa, exposed to the fatigues of hunting, and to every kind of hardship, enjoyed on the bare ground, and in open air, sound and refreshing sleep, and they acquired the habit of waking in good spirits on the first appearance of the day. Having spent three months in this manner in perfect health and vigour, they were received with much cordiality at the house of a wealthy planter. Rich food and delicate beds the two first nights afforded them here much comfort; but afterwards their sleep became confused and disturbed by frightful dreams, and in the morning they experienced a kind of languor, which they could scarcely get the better of.

phenomenon of a life extended beyond the ordinary bounds, interests us for two reasons; because it prolongs our hopes, and excites our reflections. We imagine that we see nature suspending its general laws, and performing a miracle, which we all flatter ourselves may be operated in our favour. Besides this, we affix to the fond idea of a long existence, the striking ideas of strength and antiquity, and we behold a veteran, who has withstood the power of years, with the same respect and veneration, as a column defaced by time, but still raising its head amidst surrounding ruins. In a journey, which I lately made, I twice enjoyed this spectacle, but in a different manner. Being at the castle of St. Julian, situated in the bosom of the mountains of the *Franche-Comte*, and not far distant from those of Jura, and the Alps, I imagined that I was walking in the path of ages, and, I thought, I perceived marks of their passage in that multitude of rocks, half undermined, which seemed to nod on their summits, and to threaten destruction by their fall. There, formerly, the Roman, the Gallic, and the Teutonic armies passed. Whilst I was admiring the antiquity of this place, and, on this occasion, observing the contrast which is always formed between the short duration of man, and the long duration of things, I was told of an old man, aged 118, who lived at the distance of a league from St. Julian, on the estate of Montaigu. Thinking that this wonder was exaggerated, as generally happens, I wished to examine the truth of it, and the clergyman of St. Julian, and that of Montaigu, conducted me to the house in which the old man lodged. When we arrived, we found him seated on a stone bench at the door, where he every day goes to repose, or rather to revive himself in the rays of the sun. When we first saw him he was asleep. His sleep seemed to be very profound; his respiration was easy; his pulse beat very regularly; the veins of his forehead were of a lively and transparent blue colour, and his whole appearance was remarkably calm and venerable. Hair, white as snow, fell carelessly over his neck, and was scattered over his cheeks, upon which were displayed the vivid tints of youth and healthfulness. I for some time surveyed, with the utmost attention, this old man, while enjoying his sleep; but when those around awakened him, in order that he might speak to me, he appeared to be less blooming and less beautiful; that is to say, not so fresh when awake as when asleep. He could with difficulty lift his eye-lids, and in the open day, he scarcely receives light enough to direct his steps. I found also that he

was deaf, and that he did not hear, unless when one spoke in his ears with a loud voice. He had been in this state only for about three years. At the age of 115, he seemed to be no more than eighty, and at 110 he could perform almost any labour, "In the meadows he cut grass at the head of the mowers, whom he astonished by his vigour, and animated by his activity; and at table he distinguished himself, no less by his appetite, than by his songs, which he sung with a full and strong voice. At the same age, having conceived a desire of re-visiting the place of his nativity, he repaired thither at a time when the inhabitants carried on a law suit against their lord, respecting a cross which he had erected at a great distance from boundaries till then acknowledged by custom and tradition, and which consequently would have deprived them of a considerable portion of common. When the old man arrived, he heard mention made of this process, and as he had been a witness of the past, he became also a judge of the present. Having conducted a great number of the inhabitants who accompanied him, to a high pile of stones, situated at the distance of a league, he began to remove them, and discovered the ancient and real cross, which had occasioned the law suit, and which also brought it to conclusion."

This old man, we are told, whose name is John Jacob, was born at Charme, a bailliwick of Orgelet, on the 10th of November, 1669. Mr. de Caumartin de Sainte-Ange, Intendant of *Franche-Comte*, having in the year 1785 heard of him, and having satisfied himself respecting his age, and learned that he had need of assistance, he proposed to the minister of the finances, to grant him a pension of 200 livres to enable him to terminate his long career in peace, and to add to it a present of 1200 more. This proposal was agreed to in the month of September 1785, and since that period he has enjoyed this mark of beneficence conferred upon old age. On the 20th of October, last year, he was conducted to Paris, and presented to the king, who viewed him with equal attention and surprize, and who treated with much kindness this extraordinary man, who had been a subject to Louis XIV. and Louis XV. as well as to himself. Though reduced almost to a state of vegetation, he still vegetates with pleasure; and he has retained three passions, vanity, anger, and avarice, which are those, undoubtedly, that continue longest, but with these he unites gratitude, a virtue which generally dies young.

By the manner in which he blessed the king, it appeared that

Saint Isidore of Seville testifies, that the Greeks and Tuscans were the first who used wax to write on. They wrote with an iron bodkin, as they did on other substances we have noticed. But the Romans having forbidden the use of this instrument, they substituted a *stylus* made of the bone of a bird, or other animal; so that their writings resembled engravings. They also employed *reeds* cut in the forms of *pens*.

Naude observes, that when he was in Italy (about 1642) he saw some of those waxen tablets called *Pugillares*, and others composed of the barks of trees, which the ancients employed in lieu of paper; which he observes was not then in use, for paper is composed of *linen*, and linen was not then known. *Hemp* which is an herb, he adds, was known but not used. Rabelais, who wrote about 1540, at the end of his third book, mentions it as a new *herb*, which had only been in use about a century; and in fact, in the reign of Charles VII. (1470) *linen* made of hemp was so scarce, that it is said none but the queen was in possession of two *shifts*!

In the progress of time, the art of writing consisted in *painting* with different kinds of *ink*. This novel mode of writing occasioned them to invent other materials proper to receive their writing. They now chose the thin *peels* of certain *trees*, *plants*, and even the *skins* of *animals*, which were prepared for this purpose. The first place where they began to prepare these skins was *Pergamos*, in Asia. This is the origin of the Latin name from whence we have derived that of *parchment*. These skins are however better known amongst the authors of the purer Latin, under the name of *membrana*. They were so called because of the membranes of animals, of which they were composed. The ancients had *parchments* of three different colours, white, yellow, and purple. At Rome white parchment was disliked, because it was more subject to be foiled than the others, and dazzled the eye. They generally wrote in letters of gold and silver on purple parchment. This custom continued in the early ages of the church; and there are yet extant written copies of the evangelists of this kind; of which specimens are preserved in the British Museum.

The Egyptians on their side employed for writing the *bark* of a *plant* or *reed*, called *papyrus*. Formerly there grew great quantities of it on the sides of the Nile. It is this plant which has given the name to our *paper*, although it is composed of *linen* or *rags*. The Chinese make their *paper* with *silk*. The use of *paper* is of great antiquity. It is what the ancient

Latinists call *charta* or *chartæ*. The honour of this invention is due to the town of Memphis in Egypt. Before the use of *parchment* and *paper* passed to the Romans, they contrived to use the thin peel which was found on trees, between the wood of these trees and their bark. This second skin, they called *liber*, from whence the Latin word *liber* a book, and we have derived the names of *library* and *librarian* in the European languages, and the French their *livre* for book. Anciently, instead of folding this bark, this parchment and paper, as we fold ours, they rolled it according as they wrote on it; and the Latin name which they gave these rolls, is passed into our languages, as well as the others. We say a *volume* or volumes, although our books are composed of pages cut, and bound together.

The ancients were still more curious than ourselves in having their books richly conditioned. Besides the tint of purple with which they tinged their vellum, and the liquid gold which they employed for their ink, they were solicitous to enrich with precious stones the covers of their books. In the early ages of the church, they painted on the outside commonly a dying Christ.

The following additional information, taken from Casley's catalogue of the MSS. in the King's Library, is not less curious.

'Varro says, that palm leaves (or mallow leaves) were at first used for writing on; from whence the word began and continued to signify *the leaf of a book*, as well as of a tree or plant.'

'That the ancients wrote or engraved on *brass*, is manifest from several instances: the laws of the twelve tables, and other monuments, were kept in the capitol, engraved on brass. The Romans and Lacedemonians wrote to the Jews in tables of brass. There is a small fragment of writing on *bark*, near one thousand years old, in the Cottonian library; and there are still remaining a few old books in libraries abroad, said to be written on the Egyptian papyrus.'

'The art of making *paper* of cotton, was discovered in the eleventh century; the invention of making paper of linen rags, could not be long after.' This last observation differs from Naude.

AN UNCOMMON INSTANCE OF LONGEVITY.

IN one of the foreign Journals, we find the following account of an old man, who has attained to the great age of 113: "The

on the coagulable matter, and had produced a similar change.

Dr. Cleghorn mentions a circumstance, which in some measure seems to agree with the observation then made. As the fact is a curious one, I shall subjoin the following extract. He is speaking of abscesses formed in the lungs.—*These abscesses had sometimes emptied themselves into the cavity of the thorax, so that the lungs floated in a purulent serum, their external membrane, and likewise the pleura, being greatly thickened, and converted as it were into a white crust, like melted tallow grown cold.* In a note he says, *I am now doubtful if this crust was the pleura and external coat of the lungs, changed from a natural state by soaking in a purulent fluid, and if it was not altogether a preternatural substance, formed by fluids deposited on those membranes, and compacted together by the motion of the lungs.*

Much has been said by many authors on the subject of secretion. It was one time supposed that it depended on some peculiar property of the living principle; and it was thought impossible to form any secretion but through the medium of secreting organs. M. Fourcroy has, however, contradicted this by the experiments where he forms bile.

Spermaceti is an animal substance, secreted in a particular species of whale, and the substance which is formed in the foregoing experiments, as far as I can judge, agrees with it in every particular.

M. Fourcroy says, that M. Pouilletier de la Salle found a crystallized inflammable substance similar to spermaceti in biliary calculi.

May not the fatty matter in steatomatous tumours arise from something of this kind?

By attending to the various secretions of the body, by examining their composition in the healthy and morbid states of the system, may we not expect to derive great advantage, particularly when accurate experiments are applied towards the relief of disease?

Some excuse may perhaps seem necessary for the little attention which had been paid to the accurate results in the different experiments; particularly so, as the analysis of every part of the animal body, except the bones, is at present so incomplete; but I hope that the time necessary for my medical pursuits, and the want of a complete chemical apparatus, will not render the simple facts I have here related less useful.

I have not attempted to account for the various phænomena which appear in the experiments, because the facts seem too few to admit of any general conclusion.

ORIGIN OF THE MATERIALS OF WRITING.

THE most ancient mode of writing was on *cinders*, on *bricks*, and on *tables of stone*; afterwards on *plates* of various materials, on *ivory*, and similar articles.

In the book of Job, mention is made of the custom of writing on *stone*, and on sheets of *lead*. It was on tables of *stone* that Moses received the law written by the finger of God himself. The Gauls, in the time of Cæsar, wrote on *tables*; but of what they were composed is not known. This manner of writing we still retain, in respect to inscriptions, epitaphs, and such memorials as we are desirous should reach posterity.

These early inventions led to the discovery of tablets of *wood*; and as *cedar* is incorruptible because of its bitterness, they chose this wood for their most important writings. From this custom arises the celebrated expression of the ancients, when they meant to give the highest eulogium of an excellent work, *et cedro digna locuti*; that it was worthy to be written on *cedar*. These tablets were made of the trunks* of trees; the use of them still exists, but in general they are made of other materials than wood. The same reason which led to prefer the *cedar* to other trees, induced to write on *wax*, which is incorruptible from its nature. Men generally used it to write their testaments, in order the better to preserve them. Thus Juvenal says, *Ceras implere capaces*. This thin paste of wax was also used on tablets of wood, that it might more easily admit of erasure.

* It is however, observes a writer in the British Critic, certain that this meant *the oil of cedar*; with which valuable MSS. of parchment were anointed, to preserve them from corruption. Brewster, in his excellent version, illustrates this

'When such his labours, such his sacred page,
As cedar's juice should vindicate from age.'

by the copper; this last circumstance proves that it contained no ammonia.

Having procured some very pure quicksilver, I took a glass, which contained about ten pounds of that fluid, with which I filled it; I inverted it in a basin, which contained the same fluid; I introduced a small piece of lean meat, and also a small quantity of water; at the end of about six weeks, so great a quantity of gas was disengaged as nearly to occupy the whole of the vessel; the meat had assumed a white appearance.

Since I mentioned my former experiments on the cow, which I had submitted to the action of running water, I have observed a few facts relating to the changes which took place. This cow was placed in a situation where the water could come twice every day, as before described; over it some loose earth was thrown: after it had remained some time in this place, I used frequently to push a stick through this earth to the cow; every time this was done there came up a prodigious quantity of air, after I had suffered it to remain quiet for a short time. Since I put this cow in this situation, I have had two horses and another cow placed under the same circumstances; in all of them this disengagement of air takes place; this air is extremely offensive.

In the former cow the whole muscular part seemed changed; and from the substance formed I have procured a very large quantity of a waxy substance by means of the nitrous acid. Though the nitrous acid takes off the greatest part of the fætor from the substance thus formed, yet it gives it a yellow colour which is with difficulty removed, and a peculiar smell, evidently similar to the smell of the acid employed, which mere washing and the addition of alkalies will not entirely remove.

My father, who has been indefatigable in his attempts to whiten this substance, finds that the following process will make it very pure, and very beautiful, though not so white as the spermaceti of the Snops. The cow, which had lain in the water for a year and a half, was taken up, and we found that the whole muscular part was perfectly changed into a white matter; this was broken into small pieces, and was exposed to the action of the sun and air for a considerable length of time. By these means it lost a great deal of its smell, and seemed to acquire a firmer consistence. The appearance of this substance was somewhat singular; for on breaking it, we found little filaments running in every direction, exactly similar to the cellular sub-

stance between the muscular fibres. These pieces were then beaten to a fine powder, and on this powder was poured some dilated nitrous acid; after the acid had been on it for about an hour, a froth was formed at the top; the acid was then poured off, and the substance was repeatedly washed; it was then melted in hot water, and when it concreted it was of a very beautiful straw-colour, without the least offensive smell; on the contrary, it had the agreeable smell of the best spermaceti. May not this substance be applied as an article of commerce? Great quantities of it may be obtained. It burns with a fine flame; and dead animals, which at present are of little or no use, may be changed into it. I am very sorry that it has not been in my power to ascertain the precise quantity which may be obtained from a given quantity of flesh; but from what I have obtained, I can say that it would be very considerable. The running water carries off a great deal of it, but that might be obviated by the addition of strainers. Moreover, that which is carried off by the water is the purest, for I always take care to get as much as possible of it, because I find it gives less trouble in purifying it. The water over the animals, and for some distance round them, is covered with a very beautiful pellicle, which is white in general: sometimes it refracts the sun's rays, producing the prismatic colours.

Fish may be also changed; and I recollect having seen in some old author, whose name I cannot recollect, a passage in which he mentions a circumstance where something of this kind happened in a whale. He says, that after this fish has been putrefying on the shore some time, the people have a secret by which they can procure and purify lumps, which they find to be similar to the spermaceti which they get in the usual way.

I have heard from many people, observations which they had made where this substance had been formed, and which they could not account for; but as the circumstances were the same as those beforementioned, I shall forbear giving additional trouble.

On seeing a body opened some time ago, where there was a great collection of water in the cavity of the thorax, I observed that the surface of the lungs was covered with a whitish crust: I remarked to a friend, that I thought this crust was owing to some combinations which had taken place between the lungs or pleura and the serous fluid effused, similar to what I had observed between flesh and water: or that the serous fluid had acted

The interest of a ruin is greatly heightened, when some moral sentiment is blended with it; for example, when those degraded towers are considered as having been formerly the residence of rapine. Such has been, in the Paix de Caux, an ancient fortification, called the castle of Lillebonne. The lofty walls which form its precinct, are ruinous at the angles, and so overgrown with ivy, that there are very few spots where the layers of the stones are perceptible. From the middle of the courts, into which I believe it must have been no easy matter to penetrate, arise lofty towers with battlements, out of the summit of which spring up great trees, appearing in the air like a head-dress of thick and bushy locks. You perceive here and there, through the mantling of the ivy which clothes the sides of the castle, Gothic windows, embrasures, and breaches which give a glimpse of stair-cases, and resemble the entrance into a cavern. No bird is seen flying around this habitation of desolation, except the buzzard hovering over it in silence; and if the voice of any of the feathered race makes itself sometimes heard there, it is that of some solitary owl which has retired hither to build her nest. This castle is situated on a rising ground, in the middle of a narrow valley, formed by mountains crowned with forests. When I recollect, at sight of this mansion, that it was formerly the residence of petty tyrants, who, before the royal authority was sufficiently established over the kingdom, from thence exercised their self-created right of pillage, over their miserable vassals, and even over inoffensive passengers who fell into their hands, I imagine to myself that I am contemplating the carcase, or the skeleton, of some huge, ferocious beast of prey.

ON THE CONVERSION OF ANIMAL SUBSTANCES INTO
A FATTY MATTER RESEMBLING SPERMACETI,

BY GEORGE SMITH GIBBES, B. A.

IN a paper which the Royal Society have done me the honour of inserting in the last volume of their Transactions, I related some experiments on the decomposition of animal muscle.

I regret that it has not been in my power to pursue these inquiries with the attention the subject seems to demand. I beg leave however, to present the few additional facts contained in this paper, not by any means as a full investigation of the subject, but as serving to excite the attention of those, who have more opportunities, and are better qualified to pursue such inquiries.

I mentioned in my former paper, that the substance procured either by means of water, or the nitrous acid, appeared to me to have precisely the same external characters; but I have observed since, that there is a difference between that which I obtain from quadrupeds, and that which is procured from the human subject: the former seems not disposed to crystallise, while the latter assumes a very beautiful and regular crystalline appearance.

The matter which I procured from human muscle was melted, into which I plunged a very sensible thermometer, which soon rose to 160° ; it began congealing at 112° , and became so solid at 110° that the thermometer could not easily be taken out.

I took some of the spermaceti of the shops, and under the same circumstances I plunged the same thermometer into it. It soon rose to 170° ; a pellicle was formed at the top of it when at 117° ; and it became so solid at 114° , that the thermometer could not easily be taken out.

I dissolved a piece of the substance, which I had formed by means of water and the nitrous acid, in boiling spirits of wine; on cooling this mixture, a great quantity of this waxy matter was separated in the form of beautiful flakes. I could not procure large crystals, but the flakes assumed a crystalline appearance.

I put into an earthen retort some of this waxy matter, to which I added some finely powdered charcoal; on applying a pretty strong fire, a small quantity of an oily fluid came over, which concreted on cooling; after which came over a prodigious quantity of thick white vapours, which were very suffocating and offensive.

I had a copper retort made, for the purpose of trying some experiments on this matter. I put a small quantity into it, and placed it on a common fire; there came over first a limpid fluid like water, without much smell; on the addition of more heat, there came over an oily fluid, which soon coagulated, of a firmer consistence than when put in, and coloured of a beautiful green.

first antique monument which I had ever seen was in the vicinity of Orange. It was a triumphal arch, which *Marius* caused to be erected, to commemorate his victory over the Cimbri. It stands at a small distance from the city, in the midst of fields. It is an oblong mass, consisting of three arcades, somewhat resembling the gate of St. Denis. On getting near, I became all eyes to gaze at it. What! exclaimed I, a work of the ancient Romans! and imagination instantly hurried me away to Rome, and to the age of *Marius*. It would not be easy for me to describe all the successive emotions which were excited in my breast. In the first place, this monument, though erected over the sufferings of mankind, as all the triumphal arches in Europe are, gave me no pain, for I recollect that the Cimbri had come to invade Italy, like bands of robbers. I remarked, that if this triumphal arch was a memorial of the victories of the Romans over the Cimbri, it was likewise a monument of the triumph of time over the Romans. I could distinguish upon it, in the bas-relief of the frieze, which represents a battle, an ensign containing these characters, clearly legible, S. P. Q. R. *Senatus Populus Que Romanus*; and another inscribed with M. O..... the meaning of which I could not make out. As to the warriors, they were so completely effaced, that neither their arms nor their features were distinguishable. Even the limbs of some of them were worn out. The mass of this monument was, in other respects, in excellent preservation, excepting one of the square pillars that supported the arch, which a vicar in the neighbourhood had demolished, to repair his parsonage-house. This modern ruin suggested another train of reflection, respecting the exquisite skill of the ancients, in the construction of their public monuments; for, though the pillar which supported one of the arches, on one side, had been demolished as I have mentioned, nevertheless, that part of the arch which rested upon it, hung unsupported in the air, as if the pieces of the vaulting had been glued to each other. Another idea likewise struck me, namely, that the demolishing parson might, perhaps, have been a descendant from the ancient Cimbri, as we modern French trace up our descent to the ancient nations of the North, which invaded Italy. Thus, the demolition excepted, of which I by no means approve, from the respect I bear to antiquity, I mused upon the vicissitudes of all human affairs, which put the victors in the place of the vanquished, and the vanquished in that of the victors. I settled the matter thus, therefore, in my own mind, that as *Marius* had avenged the honour of the Romans,

and levelled the glory of the Cimbri, one of the descendants of the Cimbri had, in his turn, levelled that of *Marius*; while the young people of the vicinity, who might come, perhaps, on their days of festivity, to dance under the shade of this triumphal arch, spent not a single thought about either the person who constructed, or the person who demolished it.

The ruins, in which nature combats with human art, inspire a gentle melancholy. In these she discovers to us the vanity of our labours, and the perpetuity of her own. As she is always building up, even when she destroys, she calls forth from the clefts of our monuments, the yellow gillyflower, the chænopodium, grasses of various sorts, wild cherry-trees, garlands of bramble, stripes of moss, and all the faxatile plants, which, by their flowers and their attitudes, form the most agreeable contrasts with the rocks.

I used to stop formerly, with a high degree of pleasure, in the garden of the Luxembourg, at the extremity of the alley of the Carmelites, to contemplate a piece of architecture which stands there, and had been originally intended to form a fountain. On one side of the pediment which crowns it, is stretched along an ancient river god, on whose face time has imprinted wrinkles inexpressibly more venerable than those which have been traced by the chisel of the sculptor: it has made one of the thighs to drop off, and has planted a maple tree in its place. Of the Naiad who was opposite, on the other side of the pediment, nought remains except the lower part of the body. The head, the shoulders, the arms have all disappeared. The hands are still supporting an urn, out of which issue, instead of fluviatic plants, some of those which thrive in the driest situations, tufts of yellow gillyflowers, dandelions, and long sheaves of faxatile grasses.

A fine style of architecture always produces beautiful ruins. The plans of art, in this case, form an alliance with the majesty of those of Nature. I know no object which presents a more imposing aspect than the antique and well-constructed towers, which our ancestors reared on the summit of mountains, to discover their enemies from afar, and out of the coping of which now shoot out tall trees, with their tops waving majestically in the wind. I have seen others, the parapets and battlements of which, murderous in former times, were embellished with the lilach in flower, whose shades, of a bright and tender violet hue, formed enchanting oppositions with the cavernous and embrowned stone-work of the tower.

our physical wants, has induced certain philosophers to allege, that our soul, being in a state of agitation, took pleasure in all extraordinary emotions. This is the reason, say they, that such crowds assemble in the Place de Greve to see the execution of criminals. In spectacles of this sort, there is, in fact, no picturesque effect whatever. But they have advanced their axiom as slightly as so many others, with which their works abound. First, our soul takes pleasure in rest as much as in commotion. It is a harmony very gentle, and very easily disturbed by violent emotions; and granting it to be, in its own nature, a movement, I do not see that it ought to take pleasure in those which threaten it with its own destruction. *Lucretius* has, in my opinion, come much nearer to the truth, when he says that tastes of this sort arise from the sentiment of our own security, which is heightened by the sight of danger to which we are not exposed. It is a pleasant thing, says he, to contemplate a storm from the shore. It is, undoubtedly, from this reference to self, that the common people take delight in relating, by the fire-side, collected in a family way, during the winter evenings, frightful stories of ghosts, of men losing themselves by night in the woods, of highway robberies. From the same sentiment, likewise, it is, that the better sort take pleasure in the representation of tragedies, and in reading the description of battles, of shipwrecks, and of the crash of empire. The security of the snug tradesman is increased by the danger to which the soldier, the mariner, the courtier is exposed. Pleasure of this kind arises from the sentiment of our misery, which is, as has been said, one of the instincts of our melancholy.

But there is in us, besides, a sentiment more sublime, which derives pleasure from ruin, independantly of all picturesque effect, and of every idea of personal security; it is that of Deity, which ever blends itself with our melancholy affections, and which constitutes their principal charm. I shall attempt to unfold some of the characters of it, by following the impressions made upon us by ruins of different kinds. The subject is both rich and new; but I possess neither leisure nor ability to bestow upon it a profound investigation. I shall, however, drop a few words upon it, by the way, in the view of exculpating and exalting human nature with what ability I have.

The heart of man is so naturally disposed to benevolence, that the spectacle of a ruin, which brings to our recollection only the misery of our fellow men, inspires us with horror, whatever may be the picturesque effect which it presents. I happened to

be at Dresden, in the year 1765, which was several years after it had been bombarded. That small, but very beautiful and commercial city, more than half composed of little palaces, charmingly arranged, the fronts of which were adorned externally with paintings, colonades, balconies, and pieces of sculpture, then presented a pile of ruins. A considerable part of the enemy's bombs had been directed against the Lutheran church, called St. Peter's, built in form of a rotundo, and arched over with so much solidity, that a greater number of those bombs struck the cupola, without being able to injure it, but rebounded on the adjoining palaces, which they set on fire, and partly consumed. Matters were still in the same state as at the conclusion of the war, at the time of my arrival. They had only piled up, along some of the streets, the stones which encumbered them; so that they formed, on each side, long parapets of blackened stone. You might see halves of palaces standing, laid open from the roof down to the cellars. It was easy to distinguish in them the extremity of stair-cases, painted ceilings, little closets lined with Chinese papers, fragments of mirror glasses, of marble chimneys, of smoked gildings. Of others, nothing remained, except massy stacks of chimneys rising amidst the rubbish, like long black and white pyramids. More than a third part of the city was reduced to this deplorable condition. You saw the inhabitants moving backward and forward, with a settled gloom on their faces, formerly so gay, that they were called the Frenchmen of Germany. Those ruins, which exhibited a multitude of accidents singularly remarkable, from their forms, their colours, and their grouping, threw the mind into a deep melancholy; for you saw nothing in them but the traces of the wrath of a king, who had not levelled his vengeance against the ponderous ramparts of a warlike city, but against the pleasant dwellings of an industrious people. I observed even more than one Prussian deeply affected at the sight. I by no means felt, though a stranger, that reflection of self security which arises in us on seeing a danger against which we are sheltered; but, on the contrary, a voice of affliction thrilled through my heart, saying to me, *if this were thy country!*

It is not so with ruins which are the effect of time. These give pleasure, by launching us into infinity; they carry us several ages back, and interest us in proportion to their antiquity. This is the reason that the ruins of Italy affect us more than those of our own country; the ruins of Greece more than those of Italy; and the ruins of Egypt more than those of Greece. The

dam, how much would you have given?—Every one named a smaller or greater sum, according as his sensibility had been worked upon by my narrative.—“ Well!” said I, “ the old man is not far off, and every one may do what he would have done in my place. They vied one with another in generosity, and I for my share, thanked heaven for having given me, instead of riches, the talent of moving the rich. At length I announced the wished for day when my old man would come with his dog to return thanks to his benefactors. The house was full. I went to the hospital to fetch him; and after having expressed my heart-felt gratitude to the good fathers, and my veneration for so sacred an institution, and for functions so piously fulfilled, I brought him with me almost as active, and as joyous as his spaniel.

“ They were both received with joyful exclamations; but the dog was taken the most notice of. Never in his life did he receive so many caresses. He was at first confused, but he soon returned them, with a look that seemed to say, he knew why he was so well treated.

“ The good old man dined with us, and his dog beside him. They slept together, and the following morning, at the dawn of day, came to take leave of me. The honest man’s little treasure was delivered to him. I told him in vain that I had contributed but little.—“ I am indebted to you for all,” said he, “ and I will never forget it.” On saying these words he wanted to throw himself at my feet; but I held him up, and, finding ourselves in one another’s arms, we took leave as affectionately as two old friends would have done.

“ Sir,” said he, at length, “ I am going away loaded with your favours; but will you permit me to beg one more?—You have embraced me; pray deign to kiss my dog. I wish to tell my daughter that you kissed my dog. Come here Sprightly,” said he, “ Come, the gentleman will be good enough to do you that honour.”—Sprightly stood up on his hind legs, and I stooped towards him, when all at once the image of the old man hanging, like me, over his dog, and thinking he was kissing him for the last time, rushed into my mind, and I could not refrain from tears.—“ Ah! you neglect him,” said the old man, “ keep him, he is still yours.”—“ No, my friend, no; go and be happy. I am more so myself than I have deserved to be; and your image, and that of your dog, will long suffice to make me so in idea.”

THE PLEASURE OF RUIN.

[From St. Pierre's *Studies of Nature*.]

I WAS for some time impressed with the belief, that man had a certain unaccountable taste for destruction. If the populace can lay their hands upon a monument, they are sure to destroy it. I have seen at Dresden, in the gardens of the count *de Brubl*, beautiful statues of females, which the Prussian soldiery had amused themselves with mutilating by musket-shot, when they got possession of that city. Most of the common people have a turn for slander; they take pleasure in levelling the reputation of all that is exalted. But this malevolent instinct is not the production of nature. It is infused by the misery of the individuals, whom education inspires with an ambition which is interdicted by society, and which throws them into a negative ambition. Incapable of raising any thing, they are impelled to lay every thing low. The taste for ruin, in this case, is not natural, and is simply the exercise of the power of the miserable. Man, in a savage state, destroys the monuments only of his enemies; he preserves, with the most assiduous care, those of his own nation; and, what proves him to be naturally much better than man in a state of society, he never flanders his compatriots.

Be it as it may, the passive taste for ruin is universal. Our voluptuaries embellish their gardens with artificial ruins; savages take delight in a melancholy repose by the brink of the sea, especially during a storm, or in the vicinity of a cascade surrounded by rocks. Magnificent destruction presents new picturesque effects; and it was the curiosity of seeing this produced, combined with cruelty, which impelled *Nero* to set Rome on fire, that he might enjoy the spectacle of a vast conflagration. The sentiment of humanity out of the question, those long streams of flame which, in the middle of the night, lick the heavens, to make use of *Virgil's* expression, those torrents of red and black smoke, those clouds of sparks of all colours, those scarlet reverberations in the streets, on the summit of towers, along the surface of the waters, and on the distant mountains, give us pleasure even in pictures and in descriptions.

This kind of affection, which is by no means connected with

" I stepped up to him.—" What is the matter, friend?" said I. " Nothing" said he, lifting up his head; It will soon be over" And I saw his face all bathed in tears—" You seem to feel a great deal of regret at parting with your dog?"—Alas! yes, he is the only friend I had in the world. We never were asunder. It was he who guarded me when I was asleep on the road; and when he saw me suffering and forsaken, the poor beast pitied me, and comforted me with his caresses. He loved me so much, that I can do no less than love him. But all this signifies nothing, sir, the dog is yours."—And then he gave me the end of the garter he had tyed round his neck—" You must suppose me to be very cruel, if you think me capable of depriving you of a faithful friend, and of the only one you have in the world."—He did not insist any longer; but he wanted to return me the miserable crown. I told him to keep the crown and the dog, and at last got the better of his resistance. Then I saw his knees bend.—" Oh! sir, owe you my life. It is hunger that has reduced me to this cruel extremity."

" From this moment, you will needs think that he had two friends instead of one. I desired to know who he was, whence he came, and whither he was going, and what had brought him to such a state of infirmity."

" Thank heaven," said he, " I lived fifty years by the sweat of my brow, and yesterday for the first time, I suffered the humiliation of asking charity. I was a carpenter in Lorrain, and my trade gave me bread; but an accident disabled me from standing up to work; a splinter of wood occasioned an incurable sore in my leg, I am going to Rouen to see my daughter; she is an excellent spinner and earns her livelihood in the cotton manufactories. When with her, I shall want for nothing. But as I got on slowly on account of my sore leg, and came from far, the little money I had amassed was not sufficient for my journey. I have been obliged to solicit alms; but as I do not look like a pauper, I met but little relief. I was fasting; my dog remained—" These words stifled his voice.

" At your age, in the heat of summer, and with a sore leg, I will never suffer you," said I, " to undertake a journey of thirty leagues by land, twice as much if you go by water: it would aggravate your disease, and render it incurable, if it be not so already. Come with me. Providence offers you here an asylum, where you will find rest, remedies, and perhaps a cure." The old man, who looked at me with joyful astonishment, untied his dog, and let me conduct him to the hospital on the other side of the bridge.

" I was not known there ; but in these respectable houses, indigence and infirmity recommend themselves. The prior listened with emotion to the recital of our adventure, sent for the most skilful surgeon in the hospital, and made him examine the fore. I shuddered at seeing to what a degree it was envenomed by the summer heat, and the fatigue of the journey.—" There is no time to be lost," said the surgeon ; " but it is not too late, and I will undertake to save the leg."—" He will be cured then ?"—" Yes, sir, I answer for it."—This was the moment of my joy and happiness.—" Gentlemen," said I, " spare nothing ; I will do every thing that may be necessary."—" All that is necessary," said the prior, with a look of modest severity, " is to leave the sick man to us, and to confide in our care,"

" I felt that I had injured the delicacy of the good father, and made him an apology.—" But would it not," said I, " be imposing upon your goodness, if I requested that his faithful friend" —" Yes, sir, his friend, his dog shall bear him company : we also know how to value the instinct of friendship."

" Those words of the reverend father, this reception, this ready care, this tranquil piety, this serviceable humanity, this habit of doing good at every hour and at every moment, without seeming to be conscious of any merit, made a deep impression upon me. What, said I to myself, for my pitiful crown, and a few steps in the service of an unfortunate man, I am transported with joy, and contented with myself beyond measure ! and these *religious*, who pass their days and nights in nursing, attending, and relieving the poor, and who do more good in a day, than I shall ever do in my life, do not even deign to think of it. This indeed is meritorious and sublime.

" Before I left the old man, I took his daughter's address, that I might send her an account of her father, and went to join the ladies, who were waiting for me on the other side of the bridge. I could not avoid telling them what had passed ; and my sorry present mingled a little ridicule with the *pathos* of my recital ; but I defied them to be more generous, and told them 'till the old man should be cured, I was his treasurer.

" Our society in the country often changed, and whenever a new face arrived, I was desired to repeat my tale. I never failed to mention the offer of my crown, and this excess of liberality never failed to draw upon me ironical admiration."— " A crown," said they, " a crown to the good old man for so invaluable a dog !"—" And you, sir," said I, " and you, ma-

on the spirit of the laws of Lycurgus, and on the manners of the ancient Spartans.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS DOG.

▲ TALE..

"**I** WAS, said Aristus, in a village at the house of an amiable woman, who was uncommonly beautiful, though rather past her prime, and whose unaffected politeness attracted society like a magnet. The neighbourhood of Clarenton often made the bridge across the Marne the limits of our walks. There while resting ourselves we turned our eyes upon the various and changing picture of a high-road continually animated.

" This rapid circulation of movements, all directed by self-interest towards the general end of common utility ; this perpetual exchange of labour and good offices, made us admire, in the organization of civil society, the wondrous works of necessity. What an industrious coincidence of the innumerable wheels that compose the immense machine ! what is the invincible connection that unites them ? and what is the spring that animates them all, and puts them in motion ? one alone, reciprocal want. The moral view of nature is like the physical one ; astonishment ever follows meditation. In one, a leaf, a blade of grass, becomes a prodigy when attentively observed ; in the other, the husbandman driving his plough, the seaman on the deck of his vessel, and the waggoner carrying to town the productions of his country, are astonishing men, when considered as essential parts of social mechanism, and when in this system we see all the agents of the common subsistence, united, and put in motion by the same law, attraction."

" I here give you a specimen of our conversations, that you may not take us for silly loiterers on the champagne road, employed about nothing, and whiling away our time with empty heads and vacant minds."

" One evening when we were sitting at the foot of the bridge, a man of the lower order of people with gray hair, and

a lame leg, and hardly able to get on with the help of a stick, passed before us, followed by a young water spaniel, and said to the women in whose company I was : *Ladies will you buy my dog ?*—As each of them had her own, and as his was not of the kind women are fond of, they answered they did not want one."

" Then coming up to me, he said in a more pressing tone of entreaty :—" *Do, sir, buy my dog.*" " I would have bought it instantly," said Juliet.

" This amiable movement ought, I must confess, miss, to have preceded reflection ; but kindness is not so active a sentiment in every heart as it is in yours. My first word was a refusal, softened however by all the respect due to the unfortunate.

" The old man stood for a moment motionless before me ; he cast on me a look of sadness, and left me discontented with myself.

" As he walked slowly up the bridge, I had time to discover the cause of the confused reproach conveyed by his eyes, and repeated by my own heart. At the very same instant I recollect that my friend the count de C—had lost a dog he was very fond of : As I thought that the capacity of a water-s spaniel was not inferior to the sagacity of the Siberian dog my friend had lost, I determined he should have it, and called back the old man.

" What do you ask for your dog ?" said I.—" What you please," said he. " Here miss, it would be easy to make myself appear liberal, by embellishing the truth ; but I rather choose to confess that I was not very generous. I was not rich, and a piece of six livers was all I had about me at that moment. I offered it to him ; he accepted it without any marks of repugnance, and said when he received it ; " the dog is yours." —But," said I, " he will get away ; I have no string to lead him by."—" It is however necessary to have one," said he, " for otherwise he would follow me,"—Then undoing his garter, he called his dog, took it in his arms, and set it upon the balustrade of the bridge.—" You make me shudder," said Juliet, " it fell into the water."—Don't be afraid, miss, the dog did not fall ; it let its master put his garter round its neck, and I perceived that while tying it, the old man's hands trembled. This I attributed to age, for his countenance, which I observed attentively, did not change. But when he had tyed the knot, I saw him let his head fall upon his dog, and hiding his forehead in its rough hair, and with his mouth glewed to its body, he hang over it for some minutes mute and motionless.

pared for the enemy, even observing a more exact discipline than if we were within sight of an invading army. On whichever side you turn your eyes, you will less imagine yourself in a city than in a camp ; you will see nothing but marches, evolutions, attacks, and battles ; you will only hear the shouts of victory or the recital of great actions. These formidable preparations are not only the recreations of our leisure, but our security, by spreading far and wide the terror and respect which constantly accompany the name of Lacedæmonian.

Many of our laws are suited to inspire and encourage this military spirit. While young, we every morning take the exercise of the chase ; and afterwards, as often as the duties we have to fulfil leave us intervals of leisure. Lycurgus has recommended to us this exercise as the image of danger and of victory.

While our youth are engaged with ardour in this sport, it is permitted them to range the country, and carry off whatever they may find which suits, their convenience. They are permitted the same in the city, and are esteemed to have committed no crime, but to be deserving of praise, if they are not detected ; but are blamed and punished, if discovered. This law, which appears to be borrowed from the Egyptians, has brought much censure on Lycurgus. It seems, in fact, as if its natural consequence must be to inspire our youth with an inclination to disorder and robbery ; but it in reality only produces in them more address and activity, in the other citizens more vigilance, and in all a greater aptitude to foresee the designs of an enemy, to prepare snares for him, or to avoid those which he may prepare.

Before we conclude, let us recur to the principles from which we set out. A healthy and vigorous body, and a mind free from anxiety and wants, constitute the natural happiness of man in solitude ; and the union and emulation of citizens that which ought to be his object in society. If the laws of Lycurgus have fulfilled the views of nature and society, we enjoy the best of constitutions. But you will examine it in detail, and be able to judge whether in fact it ought to inspire us with pride.

I then asked Damonax how such a constitution could subsist : for, said I, since it is equally founded on the laws and on manners, the same punishments ought to be inflicted for offences against the one as for crimes against the other ; and would you condemn to death like criminals, those citizens who have forfeited their honour ?

We condemn them, replied he, to a severer punishment ; we suffer them to live, and render them miserable. In corrupted states, the man who dishonours himself is every where blamed, and every where received : with us ignominy follows and torments him wherever he goes. We punish him both in himself, and what is most dear to him. His wife, condemned to waste her days in tears, is not allowed to appear in public ; and if he himself ventures abroad, he must, by the negligence of his dress, confess his shame, and keep at a respectful distance from every citizen he meets. At our games, he is banished to a place where he is exposed to the view and contempt of the public. A thousand deaths are not to be compared to this punishment.

Another difficulty, said I, likewise presents itself. I cannot but fear least Lycurgus, by thus weakening your passions, and depriving you of all those objects of interest and ambition which set in motion other nations, should have left in your minds a vast vacuity. What in fact can remain in them ? The enthusiasm of valour, replied he ; the love of our country, carried even to fanaticism ; the sense of our liberty ; the delicious pride which our virtues inspire ; and the esteem of a people of citizens sovereignly estimable. Can you imagine that, under the influence of emotions so lively, our minds can sink into inactivity and torpor ?

I know not, replied I, whether a whole people are capable of sentiments so sublime, or whether they can be sustained at such an elevation. He answered, When it is wished to form the character of a nation, the beginning should be made by the principal citizens. When these are once put in motion, and their efforts directed towards great objects, they draw after them the great body of the people, who are rather led by examples than principles. A soldier who behaves cowardly when he follows a timid general, will perform prodigies when commanded by a hero.

But, added I, by banishing luxury and the arts, have you not deprived yourselves of the enjoyments they procure ? We shall always find it difficult to persuade ourselves that the best means to arrive at happiness, is to proscribe pleasures. In fine, to judge of the merit of your laws, we ought to know whether, with all your virtues, you are equally happy with the other Greeks. We believe ourselves to be much more so replied he, and that persuasion is sufficient to render us so in reality.

Damonax, as he concluded, requested me not to forget, that, according to our agreement, our conversation had only turned

other, and try their strength, almost whenever they meet. But these contests never have fatal consequences; for, as soon as any signs of rage appear in them, the meanest citizen may suspend them with a word; and if, by chance, his voice is not listened to, he may carry the parties before a tribunal which, in this instance, will punish anger as a disobedience to the laws.

The institutes of Lycurgus prepare us for a kind of indifference for those goods, the acquisition of which costs us more anxiety than the possession can procure us pleasure. Our money is only of copper, the size and weight of which would betray the avaricious man who should endeavour to conceal it from his slaves. We consider gold and silver as the poisons most to be dreaded in a state. If an individual should secrete them in his house, he could neither escape the continual researches of the public officers, nor the severity of the laws. We are neither acquainted with arts, commerce, nor any of the other means employed to multiply the wants and unhappiness of a people. What use, in fact, could we make of riches? Other legislators have endeavoured to increase their circulation, and philosophers to prevent their abuse. Lycurgus has rendered them useless to us. We have cottages, clothing, and bread; we have iron and hands for the service of our country and our friends, and we have free and vigorous minds, incapable alike of supporting the tyranny of men or that of our passions. These are our treasures.

We consider the excessive love of glory as a weakness, and the inordinate desire of fame as a crime. We have no historian, no orator, no panegyrist, nor any of those monuments which only attest the vanity of a people. The nations we have conquered will transmit our victories to posterity. We teach our children to be as brave and virtuous as their fathers. The example of Leonidas, incessantly present to their memory, will incite them to emulation by day and night. You have only to ask them, and they will repeat to you, by rote, the names of the three hundred Spartans who died with that hero at Thermopylae.

We never can call by the name of grandeur that independence of the laws, which in other countries the principal citizens affect. Licentiousness, certain of impunity, appears to us a sinfulness, which at once renders contemptible both the individual who is guilty of it, and the state by which it is tolerated. We believe that we are the equals of all other men, of whatever country or rank they may be, not excepting the great King of Persia himself. Yet the moment that our laws speak, all our haughtiness bows itself down, and the most powerful of

our citizens hastens to obey the voice of the magistrate with as much submission as the meanest. We fear our laws alone, because Lycurgus having promoted them to be approved by the oracle of Delphi, we have received them as the commands of the gods themselves ; and because that wise lawgiver having adapted them to our real wants, they are the true foundation of our happiness.

From this first sketch you will easily perceive that Lycurgus ought not to be considered as a simple legislator, but as a profound philosopher and an enlightened reformer ; that this legislation is at once a system of morals and politics ; that his laws have a never-ceasing influence on our manners and sentiments ; and that while other legislators have confined themselves to the prevention of evil, he has constrained us to effect positive good, and to be virtuous.

He was the first who had a just knowledge of the strength and weakness of man, which he has so employed and adapted to the duties and wants of the citizen, that, among us, the interests of individuals are always inseparable from those of the republic. Be not then surprised that one of the most inconsiderable states of Greece is become the most powerful. Here every thing is employed so as to produce its effect. There is not the smallest degree of power which is not directed towards the general good, nor a single act of virtue which is lost to our country.

The system of Lycurgus could not but produce just and pacific men ; it is nevertheless a melancholy reflection that, unless they could be transported to some distant and inaccessible island, they must at length be enslaved by the vices or the arms of the neighbouring nations. The legislator endeavoured to prevent this double danger. He did not permit foreigners to enter Laconia, except on certain days, nor the inhabitants to go out of it but for very important reasons. The situation of the country was favourable to the enforcing of this law. Surrounded by seas and mountains, we have only some defiles to guard, to stop corruption on our frontiers. The prohibition of commerce and navigation was the consequence of this regulation, and from this prohibition resulted the inestimable advantage of having but a very few laws, since it has been remarked, that only one half the number is necessary to a city not engaged in commerce.

It was still more difficult to conquer than to corrupt us. From the rising of the sun to his going down, from our earliest years to the close of life, we are continually under arms, continually pre-

ness and supreme power, so early gives us such an exalted idea of ourselves?

From this lively interest which our country takes in us, and from this tender affection which we begin to conceive for her, naturally results, on her side, an extreme severity, and on ours an implicit submission. Lycurgus, nevertheless, not contented to confine himself to the natural order of things, has made an obligation of our sentiments. No where are the laws so imperious or so well observed, or the magistrates less indulgent or more respected. This happy harmony, absolutely necessary to retain in subjection men educated in the contempt of death, is the fruit of that education which is no other than the apprenticeship of obedience, and, if I may venture the expression, the tactics of all the virtues. During that we learn, that without order there can be neither courage, honour, or liberty; and that order cannot be maintained unless we are masters of our will. Hence so many lessons, examples, painful sacrifices, and minute observances, that all concur to procure us this empire over ourselves, which is no less difficult to preserve than to obtain.

One of the principal magistrates keeps us continually assembled under his eye. Should he be obliged to absent himself for a moment, any citizen may supply his place, and put himself at our head. So essential is it forcibly to impress our imagination with a reverence for authority.

Our duties increase with our years, and the nature of the instructions we receive is proportioned to the progress of our reason; while the rising passions are either repressed by the multiplicity of exercises, or ably directed towards objects useful to the state.'

At the time when these passions begin to display their violence, we never appear in public but in silence, with modesty in our countenances, our eyes cast down, and our hands concealed in our mantles; in the attitude, in fine, and with the gravity of Egyptian priests, and as if newly initiated in, and set apart for, the ministry of virtue.

The love of country must introduce a spirit of union among the citizens, and the desire of pleasing and benefiting that country the spirit of insulation. Here this union will not be disturbed by those storms which are elsewhere its destruction. Lycurgus has secured us from almost all the sources of jealousy, because he has rendered almost every thing common and equal among the Spartans.

We are every day assembled at public repasts, at which decency and frugality preside. By this regulation both want and excess, and the vices which are the consequences of these, are banished from the houses of individuals.

I am permitted, when circumstances require, to make use of the slaves, carriages, horses, or whatever else appertains to another citizen, and this species of community of goods is so general, that it, in some measure, extends to our wives and children. Hence, if unfruitful bonds unite an old man to a young woman, the obligation prescribed to the former to choose a young man distinguished for the beauties of his person and the qualities of his mind, to introduce him to his bed, and adopt the fruits of this new union. Hence also, if an unmarried man wishes to have an offspring in whom he may survive, the permission granted him to borrow the wife of his friend, and to have by her children, which the husband brings up with his own, though they never share in the inheritance. On the other side, if my son should dare to complain of having been insulted by any person, I should conclude him culpable, and should chastise him a second time, for having rebelled against that paternal authority which is divided among all the citizens.

In depriving us of that property which produces so many divisions among men, Lycurgus was but the more attentive to favour emulation, which was become necessary to prevent the disgust which must ensue from too perfect a union, to fill up that void which the exemption from domestic cares had left in the mind, to animate us during war and during peace, at every moment, and in every period of life.

This desire of preference and superiority, which so easily manifests itself in youth, is considered as the germ of a useful rivalry. Three officers, named by the magistrates, select three hundred young men distinguished by their merit, form of them a separate class, and declare the motive of their choice to the public. From that instant, those who have been excluded league against a promotion which seems to redound to their dishonour. Two bodies are then formed in the state, all the members of which, continually employed in watching each other, give information to the magistrate of every fault of their adversaries, publicly engage in competitions of generous and virtuous actions, and surpass themselves, the one to attain to the distinguished rank to which their rivals have been raised, and the other to preserve the honours that have been conferred upon them. It is from a similar motive that they are permitted to attack each

and influence. I likewise knew that Antalcidas, who, about thirty years before, had negotiated a treaty between Greece and Persia. But, of all the Spartans, Damonax, at whose house I lodged, appeared to me the most communicative and intelligent. He had travelled in foreign countries, but was not the less acquainted with his own.

One day, when I overwhelmed him with questions, he said to me, To judge of our laws by our present manners, would be to judge of the beauty of an edifice by a heap of ruins. Let us then, replied I, place ourselves at that point of time when they flourished in their full vigour: do you think we shall thus be able to discover their true connection and spirit? Do you imagine it can be easy to justify the extraordinary and whimsical regulations they contain? Reverence, replied he, the work of a genius, whose views, ever new and profound, only appear extravagant because those of other legislators are too timid and bounded. They were contented to adapt their laws to the character of the people; Lycurgus, by his, gave a new character to the nation for which he framed them. They have departed from Nature while they believed themselves to approach her, he became more closely united to her the more he appeared to wander from her.

A sound body and a free mind are all that Nature requires to render man happy in solitude. These therefore are the advantages which, according to Lycurgus, ought to be made the foundation of happiness. You already conceive why he has forbidden us to marry our daughters at a premature age; why they are not brought up beneath the shade of their rustic roofs, but exposed to the burning rays of the sun, in the dust of the gymnasium, and habituated to the exercises of wrestling, running, and throwing the javelin and discus. As they were to give healthy and vigorous citizens to the state, it was necessary that they should acquire a sound and strong constitution, that they might transmit the same to their children.

You also conceive why our children, at their birth, undergo a solemn examination, and are condemned to perish if they are found of a bad conformation of body. Of what service would they be to the state, or what comfort could they derive from life, if they only dragged on a painful and wearisome existence.

From our most early infancy, an uninterrupted succession of labours and combats bestows on our bodies agility, suppleness, and strength; and a strict regimen prevents or dispels the mala-

dies to which we are liable. All artificial wants are here unknown, and the laws have been careful to provide for all real ones. Those objects of terror, hunger, thirst, pain and death, are viewed by us with an indifference which philosophy seeks to imitate in vain. The most rigid sects have never been able to manifest that contempt for pain with which it is treated even by children at Sparta.

But these men to whom Lycurgus has wished to restore the blessings of nature, cannot, perhaps, be expected long to enjoy them ; they will approach and associate with each other ; passions will take birth, and the edifice of their happiness be overthrown in an instant. Here it is that we behold the triumph of genius. Lycurgus knew that a violent passion subjugates all the others. He therefore will give us the love of our country in all its energy, its plenitude, its transports, nay even its delirium. This love shall be so ardent and so imperious, that in it shall concentrate all the interests and all the emotions of our hearts. Then shall there remain in the state but one will, and by consequence one spirit ; for, in fact, wherever there is but one sentiment there is but one idea.

Throughout the rest of Greece, the children of the free man are confided to the care of the man who is not, or deserves not to be free. But slaves and mercenaries may not aspire to educate Spartans. Our country herself takes upon her this important charge. She leaves us, during the first years of our infancy, in the hands of our parents ; but no sooner does reason dawn than she loudly asserts the rights she has over us. Until that moment her sacred name had never been pronounced in our presence without the strongest demonstrations of love and respect ; and now her eyes seek us and follow us every where. From her hand we receive our nourishment and clothing ; and by her injunction is it that the magistrates, the aged men, and all the citizens, are present at our spots, discover inquietude at our faults, endeavour to develop some germ of virtue in our words or actions, and in fine teach us, by their tender solicitude, that the state possesses nothing it holds so precious as ourselves ; and that, now the children of our country, we are one day to become her consolation and her glory.

How is it possible that attentions which descend on us from such an elevation should not make on our souls profound and durable impressions ? How is it possible not to adore a constitution which, promoting our interests both by sovereign good-

much the livelier as the belief of perfection is stronger, and as the imagination is warmer, and sensibility more exquisite. There are a thousand degrees of taste, and it is still respected whilst it adheres to truth. But happy is he who may be called a man of superior taste! He hath reached the source of pure, innocent and sublime pleasure. All nature is obedient to his power; art lays before him her productions, which, while they increase his pleasures, add to his knowledge; his imagination is enriched with a thousand agreeable images, and black melancholy never embitters a single moment of his life. Taste diffuses certain charms over all the actions of a man who really possesses it. In his mouth common truths acquire more force; they make an impression with more facility, and carry readier conviction along with them. The exquisite and delicate ideas which he entertains of order and harmony, remove every thing that offend them, and he despises exaggeration, bombast, childish conceits, vain subtleties, false wit, and, in short, every thing that characterizes bad taste. Taste, by softening his manners, renders his soul more susceptible of whatever is noble and good. It excites him to be more familiar with nature, to carry his researches farther, to elevate his sentiments, and to prepare himself for the conversation of superior beings. The beauties and treasures of nature every where open to his view, the delightful valleys of Greece, the burning deserts of Peru, the heavens bestudded with stars, and, in a word, the whole universe in all its grandeur present him with subjects for meditation. The case is the same with the productions of art. Music, painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry, eloquence, and the theatre, when properly regulated, so as to become a school of virtue and morality, furnish innumerable sources of pleasure to the man of genuine taste.

These observations are doubtless, sufficient to convince one of the necessity of purifying the taste, and to point out the advantages that will have result to society. Some gloomy censors, who would condemn men to vegetate on the earth, pretend to deny the influence of fine manners; they even assert that it becomes hurtful to virtue. It cannot indeed, be allowed, that men of fine taste have often abandoned themselves to vice; but these monsters are exceptions from general rule, and the testimony and example of the greatest men of antiquity, as well as of modern times, are sufficient to prove the contrary. Who can read the *Messiah* of Klopstock, and the immortal work of Sulzer, without being convinced that taste

naturally incites to virtue. O! instructors of youth, never forget that virtue is the only and surest means of forming the hearts of your pupils, and that by rectifying their taste your success will be more speedy. Experience will convince you that young minds, in which a sense of physical beauty is brought to perfection, will be more sensible also of moral beauty. Reason, taste, and what Hutcheson and Shaftesbury call the moral sense, are, according to Sulzer, the same faculty, only modified by different objects. It has not been indeed demonstrated, that the moral sense is innate, but all the faculties of the foul being intimately connected, we may conclude that they must be reciprocally influenced by one another. Who will deny, that the magic of music and poetry open the innocent heart to friendship, to pity, and, in a word, to every soft and tender passion? But let us never forget, that as the fine arts have often been abused, the man of taste is obliged to choose their productions with discernment. Poets and painters, hurried away by a loose imagination, have often prostituted their talents on the most infamous subjects; the man of real taste, however, will decry all those subjects which, by offending against modesty, corrupt the morals, and whatever their merit may be, he will consign them to eternal oblivion, while he laments that men of genius, formed to do honour to the fine arts, and to the age in which they live, have so little respect for themselves, as to seek the contemptible glory of meriting the suffrages of the meanest part of their nation.

General Ideas on the Legislation of Lycurgus.

From Anacharsis's Travels.

I HAD been some days at Sparta, where my appearance excited no surprise, the law which formerly rendered it difficult strangers to enter the country being no longer enforced with the same rigour. I was introduced to the two princes then on throne; these were Cleomenes, grandson of the king Cleomelotus who was killed at the battle of Leuctra, and Archidamus, the son of Agesilaus. Both were men of wit: the former loved peace; the latter breathed only war, and enjoyed great credit

A sound and just judgment, capable of comparing and weighing objects and their properties; a fine genius, a lively imagination, and great sensibility, susceptible of sudden and delicate sensations, are the essential qualities which must be united, in order to form a man of taste. Whilst taste never deviates from the invariable rules of truth it will always be a sure guide towards the beautiful. Education, in this respect, has a wonderful influence, and perhaps many of those learned men, who are so little esteemed in our day, would have been excellent writers, had they had the good fortune to live in the elegant ages of a Pericles or an Augustus. I am, however, far from asserting, that there are men whose taste is absolutely bad, as Gerrard advances in his Essay on Taste; they will at least have just ideas of certain objects, and consequently be sometimes able to discover what is really beautiful. A storm rising majestically slow above the horizon presents to the civilized spectator, as well as to the savage, a spectacle equally grand and sublime. Who can behold with indifference the admirable mixture of colours displayed in that phenomenon of nature, the rainbow?

A very striking difference may, however, be remarked between the ideas which individuals, and even different nations, form of beauty, as it relates to visible objects, and principally to the most perfect of all, man. An imagination more or less active, the association of foreign ideas, prejudices of education, and a thousand other inexplicable causes, have also a very sensible influence in this respect. A New Zealander is transported at the sight of a tatooed visage: an inhabitant of New Holland thrusts the bone of a bird through the cartilages of his nose, and this ornament, doubtless, appears to him to be extremely beautiful.

In silence all that is generally said on regularity, symmetry, proportion, and uniformity. I shall only observe, that the latter must be interrupted every time the artist pens a picture, or it is necessary to rouse the attention. Immense plains, where uniformity reigns, fatigued the eye of the traveller. Order, to facilitate the perception of the whole. Large groups, formed of various objects, do not leave the spectator leisure to observe the whole in order, they please and engage his attention by their majesty and grandeur.

Noble simplicity belongs to every thing which pleases, by its essence; it will charm good taste wherever it may be. It will please equally in the rotunda and in the character and conduct

of Abraham; the voice of epic poetry will render it as interesting as the shepherd's pipe. A noble simplicity reigns throughout all the works of the Creator; a happy imitation of nature is therefore the surest road to immortality. When the artist disdains to take her for his guide, or when he has not been initiated into her mysteries, Gothic turrets, overloaded with fantastical ornaments, arise in the room of temples which display all the noble simplicity of architecture. The musician, instead of calling forth tears by simple and melodious tones, wanders then in the intricacies of difficult and studied modulations, in order to obtain the applause of the multitude.

Beauty, in the most extensive sense of the word, is ascribed to every thing which pleases us, and taste attaches itself to every object, which, by the great and sublime, excites admiration and astonishment. A storm at sea, the enormous rocks of Terra del Fuego, piled one upon another with horrid and majestic grandeur, and covered with snow; a burning torrent of lava, which, with the noise of bursting thunder, throws itself into the sea, and makes it recede from the shores; a pure sky, such as Brydone beheld in the night time on the top of Mount Etna, while innumerable orbs sparkled with delightful brightness over his head, and an immense gulph bellowed below his feet, are grand scenes of nature, which a man of taste will always contemplate with ecstasy.

The property of pleasing is not confined to physical beauty alone; the imagination and the mind may create images which produce the same effect. The thought, that beyond the milky way there may be a thousand others of the same kind, must excite the most exalted ideas in the mind of a man of taste. Repeated meditation on the sublime, and a frequent contemplation of the beautiful and the agreeable, nourishes and purifies the taste, and brings it towards perfection. The efforts of a wild imagination will astonish those who are unacquainted with the laws by which invention ought to be directed and put in practice. The savage American, who is delighted with pleasure when he hears the sound

of an instrument formed of a gourd; certainly he had he been accustomed to hear the strains of a harp in the forests. He who has become familiar with the language of taste, will turn with indignation from the disgusting voices which give so much delight to the lowest of the vulgar. A pure taste more and more awakens the ardent desire of attaining to the highest degree of beauty—sweet foretaste of immorality! The sensations occasioned by the beautiful become so

will take its turn ; and, if then a wise, a considerate and an affectionate friend could lend his assistance to the genuine operation of the mind, the event would be inexpressibly auspicious.

There is nothing more contrary to true justice and enlightened morality, than the unsparing harshness with which the old frequently censure the extravagancies of the young. Enamoured of black forebodings, and gorged with misanthropy, they pour out their ill-omened prophesying with unpitying cruelty. The sober, the dull, the obedient, lads that have no will and no understanding of their own, are the only themes of their eulogium. They know no touch of candour and liberal justice. They make no allowance for the mutability of youth, and have no generous presentiment of their future recollection and wisdom. They never forgive a single offence. They judge of characters from one accidental failing, and will not deign to turn their attention to those great and admirable qualities, by which this one failing, it may be, is amply redeemed. They may be compared to that tyrant of antiquity who, intending to convey a symbolical lesson upon the principles of despotism, passed through a field of corn, and struck off every ear that had the audacity to rear its head above the dull and insipid level of its fellows.

In the midst however of the candid and liberal indulgence which is so amply due to juvenile years, we must not forget the principles of impartial judgment. It will often be our duty to regret, while we forgive. It too frequently happens that the excesses of youth, not only leave an unfavourable stain upon the reputation, but that they corrupt the disposition, and debase the character. It is not every youthful folly that men shake off when they arrive at years of discretion. The wild and inconsiderate boy will often entail some of the worst features of his character on the man.

Owing to this it is, that we frequently meet with that mixed character in the adult over which humanity weeps. We have often occasion to observe the most admirable talents, and even the most excellent dispositions, in men, whose talents and virtues are nevertheless rendered abortive by some habitual indiscretion. These men a well-formed mind cannot fail to love. Their very weakness causes a peculiar kind of tenderness to mix itself with our love. But they go out of the world, having excited its admiration, not added to the stock of good ; or their usefulness, if useful they have been, falls infinitely short of that which their great qualities would have enabled them to produce.

Sometimes however the ill consequence that remains from the impression of youthful follies, is much worse than this. The talents remain, but the character becomes debased. The men excite our admiration, but we view their powers with less of hope, than terror. The ingenuousness, the simplicity, of a good heart, are extinguished. They become crafty and deceitful. Possessed with an unhallowed spirit of ambition, the purity and fervour of benevolence in them are lost. They are launched perhaps upon the ocean of affairs ; they mix with the giddy scene of fashion ; they are initiated in all the degrading arts, by which extravagance is supported, and sudden fortune is acquired ; and they prey upon the unwary and the industrious, unless opportunity and policy should call them to, prey upon the vitals of their country.

GENERAL REFLECTIONS ON TASTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

THE celebrated Sulzer says, that "to form and rectify the taste is an affair of great national importance." In this he is undoubtedly right ; and every person of sound judgment must be convinced of the justness of his observation. Do we not indeed observe numbers of people of all ranks, who employ very care and attention to exhibit taste in every thing around them ? It may therefore be of some interest to consider for general an emulation. Those things in which people affect most to shew that they have taste, are so badly chosen, that few appear to have even a clear idea of what Sulzer means ; for were this not the case, we should not find that reading silly romances, old comedies, and giving into all the ridiculous extravagances of fashion, would be sufficient to make any one be considered a man of taste. Such false ideas have a sensible influence upon literature and the productions of the fine arts. It becomes then necessary to destroy these false ideas, by demonstrating that all the grand effects attributed to taste belong only to that which is founded upon truth and propriety.

iliar strength in early youth, that some vestige of them will become essentially interwoven with the character, and even attend their possessor to the grave.

There are some admirable traits of character that are almost inseparable from the youth of a person, destined hereafter to play an illustrious part upon the theatre of mankind.

The first of these is curiosity. His mind may be expected to be incessantly at work, pursuing enquiries, accumulating knowledge, observing, investigating, combining. His curiosity however may frequently be found to be an obstinate, self-willed principle, opening veins of its own choosing, wasting itself in oblique, unprofitable speculations, and refusing to bring its energies to bear upon a pursuit pointed out to it by another.

A second characteristic of early genius is candour. Often will a young person of uncommon endowments be peremptory, rough, building his conclusions on the most unsatisfactory foundations, and asserting them with the most ungraceful arrogance. But there is a tone of voice and sentiment which, the moment it reaches his ears, will, as it were by enchantment, recall him to himself, and bring forth to view all the honest, fearless, unrelenting candour, that till then dwelt, idle and unremarked, in his bosom. To common observers however, and in ordinary cases, he will appear the reverse of candour. There is an imperious tone in the aged and the adult, presuming on slight grounds, dictatorial, peevish and impotent, which he will be apt to repel with rude and unbecoming indignation.

A third characteristic of early genius is the love of distinction. He burns to be somebody. He cannot endure to be confounded in the crowd. It is the nature of the human mind never to be satisfied with itself, except so far as it can by some means procure to have its own favourable opinion confirmed by the suffrage of others. This characteristic however, like the preceding ones, will frequently disappoint the observer. The pupil has chosen his own favourite field of distinction, and will often be callous to allurements which are to invite him into another. He will perhaps be delicate in his appetite for praise. Gross flattery, and still more the spiritless and tedious eulogium of superannuated kindness, or that is dictated by a left-handed purpose of stratagem and bribery, will tire his impatience, or excite his disgust.

One of the faults which has been too often and too severely censured in young persons, is conceit. This is a fault certainly more incident to a youth with talents, than a youth without.

He is like a person newly appointed to some post of honour ; he is not yet familiarized to the exercise of authority or the splendour of decoration. This is a fault of all others that demands our forbearance, since in the nature of things it is almost certain to be temporary. Familiar with distinction, he will in no long time learn to wear it with ease. A man of talents, from the activity of his mind and his incessant spirit of observation, will necessarily compress ten times as much experience into a given period, as an ordinary man. Each day in his history, will furnish him with a comment on the last. He will so often have detected his mistakes, so frequently contemned his absurdities, and will have felt with so much anguish his misconduct and disgraces, that he can scarcely fail, when the first effervescence of youth is over, to become diffident, self-suspicious and, in the best sense of the term, modest. One thing further is to be remarked under this head of conceit. The conceit of young persons, unless observed with an eye peculiarly candid and discerning, will be more than commonly disgusting. It is a frigid, selfish, unchastised, unpolished sentiment. As they ascend to manhood, it will be modified by the better affections and charities of the human heart, its coldness will be animated, its asperities subdued, and the stiffness that fettered it broken off. An enlightened spectator will not fail to take this circumstance into consideration.

There is one point, that remains to be discussed, respecting the supposed unpromising indications which discover themselves in the manners of youth, that is of more serious importance than any of the preceding. I mean, what relates to the excesses of their conduct, and their offences against morality.

Too often, by the adult, the anxious parent, and the cassocked pedant, this subject is considered with an unpardonable severity. Let it be recollected, that it is the characteristic of the strong, and therefore the valuable mind, to mix this strength in its vices, as well as its virtues. It is thus frequently that the most inestimable lessons of experience are amassed. The impetuosity of youth must have time to subside. Of all the characteristics of early life, tameness is the characteristic of most fatal augury. A young man, just arrived at years of puberty, will, like a high bred, well-mettled horse, champ the bit, and spurn the earth, impatient of restraint. He will have his period of intoxication. Provided its date be short, it seems as if it were scarcely to be regretted. The season of sobriety and reflection,

and not for what they have done, but for what we presume to foretel they will do, is an aggravation of the calamity.

The argument against calumny however has been carried too far. It is an erroneous system of morality which would teach us, that we judge not, lest we should be judged, and that we speak evil of no man. Falshood is vice, whether it be uttered to a man's commendation or censure ; and to suppress that which is true, is to be regarded as a species of falsehood. We ought not to desire for ourselves, not to be judged, but that we may not be judged unjustly ; and the like equal measure we ought to deal to others. I feel no exultation in that man's applause, who is not also endowed with a republican boldness to censure. Frankness is perhaps the first of virtues ; or, at least, is that without which virtue of a manly and liberal dimension cannot exist. To give to our thoughts their genuine and appropriate language, is one of the most wholesome exercises in which we can be engaged. Without this exercise it is scarcely possible that we should learn to think with precision and correctness. It teaches us to review our thoughts ; to blush for their absurdity, their groundless singularities, and their exaggeration. It ripens what at first was merely opinion, into system and science. The fault for the most part, when we speak of the merits of our neighbour, is not, that we say what we think ; but that, for want of practice and skill, we do not say what we think ; we do not suit our words to the measure of our sentiments ; we do not call our minds into operation to compare our opinions with the grounds of our opinions, and our phrases with both. We communicate to our hearers sentiments that we do not entertain. We debauch even our own judgments, while we speak ; and instead of analysing, arranging and fashioning our conclusions as we ought, become impassioned by listening to the sound of our own voice, subject our matter to our words, not the words to the matter, and talk ourselves into extravagancies, which we did not think of in the outset, but which we have not afterwards the courage and candour to retract, either to others or to ourselves.

What is to be demanded therefore in behalf of the young, is not, that we should refrain from judging them, or fear to utter our judgments ; but that we should indefatigably endeavour to form true principles of judgment, that we should allow ourselves in no hasty conclusions, that, recollecting the mutability of youth, we should be reluctant to pass a final condemnation, and above all, that we should not from the force of a jaundiced im-

agitation, convert the little starts, the idle fancies and the temporary deviations of an unformed mind, into inexpiable errors.

It often happens that irregularities which ought perhaps rather to be regarded as indications of future greatness, are converted into subjects of pitiful lamentation and odious condolence, when the spectator is a man of narrow morals, and of principles of judgment absurdly frigid and severe.

The youth respecting whom I should augur most favourably, is he, in whom I observe some useless luxuriance, and some qualities, which terrify, while they delight me. The most abundant endowments will one day assume a regularity and arrangement, which endowments in the next degree inferior are unable to attain. Sobriety, constancy, an awful and wide spreading tranquillity, that might in one point of view be compared with that of the Grand Southern Pacific Ocean, are perhaps in some degree the characteristics of a mind of the first order. It is not ruffled by every puff of air ; it holds on its way with a majestic course ; it is self-balanced and self-centred ; always great, always worthy, and always sublime.

But this is not the case with a mind, to which as yet the hints and capabilities of greatness only exist. A mighty machine, till it is put into order, seems only an inexplicable chaos. The limbs and members of which it consists, are scattered wide. Every thing is unarranged and rude.

A feeble mind is not greatly liable to excess. A powerful mind, when it has not yet essayed its powers, and poised its wings, is the seat, sometimes of ridiculous, sometimes of dangerous irregularities.

A mind, conscious of its destined strength, but which as yet can scarcely be called strong, is often presumptuous, dogmatical, fierce, hard, unkind, tempestuous, unduly severe in its judgments of character and talent ;

Is ne'er so sure our ardour to create,
As when it treads the brink of all we hate*.

This proposition however is by no means to be understood universally. A young person destined in the sequel to display uncommon talents, will often at present appear singularly amiable. It will be hard, if a young person of talents should not be in some respects amiable. It is a reasonable subject of fear, when the unamiable qualities above enumerated appear with pecu-

* Pope. These are not his exact words.

vet to the Comte D'Affry, who refused to accept it being willing to protect our author, if he would give up his friend. This he positively refused to do; upon which Mons. D'Affry, much to his honour, accepted the resignation, granting him 10,000 livres out of the annual profits of the place, and our author set off the next day for Chanteloup.

Our author was now in possession of a considerable income, not less than 35,000 per annum, and this he employed in a manner highly commendable. Ten thousand he distributed to men of letters in distress, and the remainder he enjoyed with the liberality becoming a philosopher. He took under his protection three of his nephews, and settled and established them in the world. He promoted the welfare also of the rest of his family which remained in Provence, and he collected a numerous and valuable library, which he disposed of some time before his death.

In 1788 he published his Voyage of Anacharsis; a work since translated into English, and which has been received with general approbation. In 1789, he was prevailed on to accept the vacant seat in the French Academy, which he had before declined. In 1790, on the resignation of Monsieur Le Noir, Librarian to the King, that post was offered to our Author by M. de St. Priest. He declined it, however, as interfering with his literary pursuits, being then preparing for the press a work he had long meditated, a Catalogue Raisonnee of the rich cabinet he had long under his care. In the execution of this project he was defeated by the unhappy circumstances of the times, which pressed very severely upon him in other respects. His places and appointments, by the madness of the moment, were suppressed, and he was at the close of his life reduced to great difficulties. Still however, he was never known to complain, and might be seen daily traversing the streets of Paris on foot, bent double with age and infirmity, making his accustomed visits to Madame De Choiseul.

(To be concluded in our next.)

OF EARLY INDICATIONS OF CHARACTER.

From GODWIN's Enquirer.

A FEW remarks will not perhaps be unprofitably set down, on the subject of juvenile character, and the promising indications that early display themselves in the manners of youth.

Calumny has long been privileged to stalk the world at large, and to shed its poison upon the fairest flowers. It can show a very ancient title, and will not easily suffer ejection. Secret resentment often delights to add new malignity to its venom ; and often a mere gaiety of humour, sporting in thoughtless fatalities, will fix a sting that neither time, nor all the healing arts of wisdom and virtue, shall be able to cure. The wound rankles unseen. The grandest efforts of genius, and the purest energies of benevolence, thus become enfeebled, discouraged, annihilated. Nothing more easy than to barb the slander ; nothing more difficult than to extract the dart. The whole appearance of the man becomes discoloured and disfigured ; all his virtues are transformed into vices ; all his actions are misrepresented, misunderstood and vilified. It matters not with how much generosity he sets himself to act : the glass of truth shall never be turned on him ; nor shall he in any instance obtain justice.

But calumny is doubly execrable and unmanly, when it attacks the first promising dawning of youth. A man sufficiently adult, has attained some strength, and can cope with it. He can plead his own cause. He has tried the passions of men, and the magic of undaunted truth ; and uses both, as tools with the powers of which he is acquainted. Beside, a man must expect some time or other to encounter adversity : if he be hardly pressed upon, and unjustly dealt with, his case is indeed worthy of regret ; but it is the lot of man, and the condition under which he was born. It is worse than this, when a weak and defenceless youth is made the butt of these attacks. It is more worthy of regret, when he is refused the common period of probation ; is maimed and dismounted at the very entrance of the course ; and sent to languish long years of a baffled existence, with his limbs already withered and shrunk up by the shocks of calumny. That men should be condemned unjustly, is that which ought not to be ; that they should be condemned untried,

expectation, declared, that he had travelled over Turkey and Egypt, but had nowhere met with the equal of this young theologian ; who acquired prodigious honour by this ridiculous adventure. In vain he endeavoured to tell the story fairly ; every one chose the marvellous colouring ; he was extolled as a prodigy ; and his reputation established at Marseilles.

Having finished his academical studies, he retired to Aubagne, where he resided some time, but often visiting Marseilles, and those persons with whom he had been connected there. Among these were Mr. Cary, a collector of medals, and Pere Segaloux of the Convent of Minims, with whom he studied astronomy.

In 1744 he went to Paris, carrying a letter with him to Mons. de Boze, keeper of the royal medals, a learned man, whose age and infirmities predisposing him to retire from labour, he selected our author as an associate in the care and arrangement of the cabinet, and his appointment was confirmed by Mons. de Maurepas, minister of that department. Our author lost no time in arranging in perfect order the large and valuable collection of Mons. d'Etrees and the Abbe Rothelin, which had remained in a very confused state. These he separated, compared, and described in a supplementary catalogue. At this time his career in these pursuits was threatened with an interruption. His friend and countryman, Mons. de Bauffet, had engaged to promote him in the church, and being now Bishop of Beziers, invited him to accept the office of Vicar General. Having promised to follow the fortunes of his friend, our author had no intention of retracting his engagement ; but wishing to be released from it, he submitted his thoughts on the subject to the Bishop, who with great kindness discharged him from the obligation he held himself under, and left him to follow the bent of his inclinations.

In 1747 he was elected associate of the Academy of Inscriptions, and in 1753, on the death of Mons. de Boze, with whom he had been associate seven years, he was made keeper of the cabinet of Medals, to which office he was promoted, notwithstanding some considerable opposition.

The succeeding year Mons. de Stainville, afterwards Duke de Choiseul, being appointed Ambassador at Rome, invited our author to accompany him to Italy, an offer which his official duty induced him to decline. In the year 1755, however, he was enabled to take this journey with his friend Mons. de Cotte, and his residence in Italy was rendered particularly agreeable by the continuance of Mons. de Stainville there, who intro-

duced him to the celebrated Pope Benedict XIV. At Naples he became acquainted with Mazocchi, who was employed in the task of unfolding the numerous ancient manuscripts that had been found in Herculaneum. So little success had attended this undertaking at that period, that it would probably have been abandoned, but for the encouragement given to the prosecution of it by our Author. It is related as a proof of the extensiveness of our author's memory, that having applied in vain for liberty to copy one of these manuscripts, in order to send a fac-simile of the ancient hand-writing to France, and being only suffered to examine it, he read it over attentively five or six times, and suddenly leaving the apartment, copied the fragment from memory, and correcting when he came back some slight errors, he sent it the same day to the academy of Belles Lettres, enjoining secrecy, that no blame might attach to Mazocchi. While at Rome, he gave a new and satisfactory explanation of the beautiful mosaic of Palestina, afterwards printed in the transactions of the Academy of Inscriptions.

In 1757 Mons. de Stainville returned to Paris, and being appointed to the Embassy of Vienna, our author joined him there, with Madame de Stainville, who had remained behind at Rome, and an offer was made him to undertake a voyage to Greece, and up the Levant, at the King's expence; but he declined the undertaking, on the same ground as he had avoided a former proposal, as being incompatible with the duties of his office. In this place, we may observe, that he has shown his gratitude to his patron, Mons. de Stainville and his lady, by describing them in the "Travels of Anacharsis" under the names of Arsames and Phedima.

Through the means of this patron, then become Duke de Choiseul, and the principal of the King's ministers, in the room of Cardinal de Bernis, our author in 1758 was amply provided for, first by pensions on the Archbishoprick of the Abbey and the Treasurer of St. Martin of Tours, and afterwards by the place of Secretary General of the Swiss; besides which he enjoyed a pension of 5000 livres on the Mercure.

His attachment to his patron was highly honourable to him. In 1771, on the dismission of the Duke de Choiseul, and his banishment to Chanteloup, our author did not hesitate to follow him: and when that minister was compelled to resign the office of general of the Swiss, he would have given up his place of secretary immediately, but for the interference of his patron. He went, however, to Paris, and offered the surrender of his bre-

The house itself was rurally charming—The luxuriant vine crept round the windows and shaded them from the fervour of the meridian sun, whilst on each side smiling vallies, overspread by numerous flocks whose woolly garments rivalled the mountain snow, yielded to the eye a picture which recalled the pastoral age of bliss and innocence; the scene transported me. I put in competition the busy turmoils to which I was summoned, and shrank from the prospect they exhibited.

The following beautiful lines recurring to my recollection, I irresistibly exclaimed—

—“*Ab, knew he but his happiness!
The happiest be! who living far retired,
Amid the windings of a woody vale,
Drinks the pure pleasures of serene content.*”

“ Beloved Matilda,” I continued, “ while thou art tasting the sweet pleasures of repose, unmindful that such a person as St. Albert ever trod the road of existence, he flies from the unwelcome couch to sigh his last wish before thee, and lament the fatal destiny that forbids him thy presence—forbids him the consolation of hope!—Farewell Matilda!” The village bell striking five, warned me to return—“ farewell,” I repeated, whilst the mournful syllables lingered on my lips, as if unwilling to forsake them!—“ farewell—awake to happiness and calm contentment.”—An involuntary sigh reminded me that I should seek them in vain.

I hastily withdrew to the village, and the same day, with a heart immersed in sorrow, exchanged the groves of —, for the proud structures of the metropolis.

(To be continued.)

AN ACCOUNT OF JOHN JAMES BARTHELEMY.

THIS veteran Author, whose various writings will do credit both to his name and country, has lately been honoured by

the attention of his friend, the venerable Duke de Nivernois, a nobleman who has survived the various eventful scenes of destruction which France has experienced, and is now residing at Paris, at a very advanced age. From this narrative the following particulars are extracted.

Our Author was born at Cassis, a seaport in Provence, the 20th Jan. 1716. His family had been long established at Aubagne, in that neighbourhood, where it had been universally respected. His mother, the daughter of a merchant at Cassis, he lost at the age of four years. When he arrived at the age of twelve years, he was sent to school at Marseilles, whence he was transferred to the seminary of the Jesuits, where he received the tonsure. While with the Jesuits, he formed a plan of study for himself, independent of the Professors of the college, and applied with unwholesome sedulity to the study of Greek, Hebrew, Chaldean, and Syriac, by which he for some time lost his health, and nearly his life. At the beginning of this arduous course of study, he became acquainted with a young Maronite, who had been educated at Rome, but was then resident at Marseilles, from whom he acquired a fundamental knowledge of the Arabic language, and learned to speak it with facility. By the advice of this person he committed to memory several Arabic sermons, which he delivered to a congregation of Arabian and Armenian Catholics, who were ignorant of the French language.

At the outset of these pursuits, when he was about twenty-one years of age, some merchants of Marseilles came to him with a kind of beggar, who had made his appearance on Change, giving himself out for a Jewish Rabbi, learned but distressed, and who boldly challenged to have his pretensions investigated by some Oriental scholar. Our Author endeavoured to evade the task, by representing, that his mode of study could at most enable him to read, but not at all to converse in the dialects of the East; but there was no resisting. The Jew began to repeat the first Psalm in Hebrew. Our author recognized it, stopped him at the end of the first verse, and addressed him with one of the colloquial phrases from his Arabic Grammar. The Jew then repeated the second verse, and our author another phrase; and so on to the end of the Psalm, which comprised the whole Scriptural knowledge of the Rabbi. Our author closed the conference with another sentence in Arabic, and, with more good nature than strict propriety, laid, that he saw no reason to intercept the intended charity of the Merchants. The Jew, delighted beyond

ation; to be the laughing stock of the company, vexed me almost to madness, and my deficiency in neglecting to atone for my misconduct to the elegant Matilda, was a source of exquisite torment. Ah! how can I forget the kind complacency, the angelic grace with which Matilda advanced, when with a smile of seraphic sweetness she entreated I would pass over the past adventure, and hasten to renew the entertainment. The charms of her manner, and the engaging softness of her voice, riveted my attention, but when I cast my eyes on her face, and behold the various beauties that playfully wanted over each feature; I felt a sensation as new as though incapable of expressing my thanks for her encouraging address, I secretly admired the amiable qualities of her nature.—I cannot resist giving here an account of her person and figure; the impression they produced at that moment on my heart will never be forgotten.

Her form was extremely elegant, and the simple beauty of her dress gave it an additional effect; her complexion was fair as the morning, her eyes bright as the glistening dew-drop, blue as the vault of heaven; the blush of the rose dwelt on her cheek; and the smile of the houris danced round her mouth; her motion was that of a dream; her voice was the voice of music. A new soul seemed to animate me, and a new heart palpitated within me. Oh, how I longed to throw myself at her feet, and thank her for the pleasure she had bestowed, to entreat her pardon for my errors, and prejudice her in favour of my future behaviour. But Heaven still guarded my lips, and the wish of my heart I impudently failed to disclose.

The rest of the evening passed away in uninterrupted felicity, but when the motion was made for departure, a cold chill streamed through my veins, and the sigh of regret escaped from my bosom!—What could be the cause of these sensations? my heart readily returned the answer. Ah! why should I attempt to conceal the occasion of my emotions. Matilda, the captivating Matilda, was about to leave me without being acquainted with the sentiments with which she had inspired me. “Good-night, St. Albert,” said she;—What could I not then have uttered!—“Good night,” she repeated with an accompanying expression of feature that shot through my soul, and faded from my sight.” In vain I attempted to return the petition, and invoke the angels of purity to grant her the golden blessings of happiness and content; my sluggish tongue refused to obey the suggestions of my will, and Matilda departed unacquainted with my adoration.

In gloomy silence I retired to my chamber, impressed with the image of the too charming Matilda. The moon was at its height, and its silvery lustre gleamed through the rustic casement, which was partially overshadowed by the flaunting luxuriance of a woodbine; the splendor of the night conspired with the immediate object of my thoughts, to bid me shun the invitation of repose, and revel in the charms of peaceful meditation; the past occurrences filled each recess of my mind, and the blooming person of Matilda still flitted before the eye of imagination—by turns I blessed and lamented my fate—to be the slave of Matilda was a heaven of bliss; but to sigh unpitied, to burn with a passion that could not hope for a return, to pine for an object whose form I was debarred from beholding, were reflections that gave a pang to my breast that cannot be adequately described:—the hours thus passed away, till the shades retreated before the expanding ray of the morning, and the imperial ruler of the day expelled the dewy mist that veiled the mountains of the east.

Three days only were to elapse before the tortured St. Albert, and his friends were to take leave of the country and return to the tumultuous scenes of the metropolis. Alas! no more could I behold the conqueror of my heart, who I was informed resided near a mile from the village; the time that before fled away on the downy pinions of indifference, now hung like a weight on my spirits.

At length the day arrived on which we were to depart. Oh! ye who ever felt the pleasures, the pangs of love! ye alone can picture the feelings which the situation I stood in, must necessarily have produced.—About to leave, perhaps for ever, the object of every thought—the sum of every wish—no prospect of bliss—no glimmering ray of hope! One moment I only could ensure; and I grasped the advantage with the eagerness of a wretch whose very existence is suspended on its employment. I resolved to pay a visit to the spot which had the honour of enclosing her person; the morning was more than ordinarily beautiful. I rose with the lark, and having previously enquired the road that led to the residence of Matilda. I pursued the track which had been pointed out, but it was sometime before the glimpse of an habitation caught my eye, till, on gaining the summit of a gentle acclivity, I beheld in the valley beneath, a dwelling, on each side shielded from the rude assualt of the winds, by clusters of spreading trees, through whose foliage the golden sun-beams glanced their orient brilliance.

Educated in a public school, and accustomed to the frequent participation of the amusements of the town, I was neither vitiated by the bad examples of the former, nor allured by the specious pleasure of the latter; but, having an extreme partiality for books, I employed in reading and study most of those few hours that were left to my own disposal; my companions were few, and those few I soon made less; for where there is not a sympathy of disposition, there is seldom a continuance of friendship. I found their gratification to be centered in pursuits, which, though too generally attractive, were uncongenial with my habit or temper; and, from the haunts of intemperance and meretricious delusion, I turned away with disgust. I sighed for pleasures, but they were such as could afford satisfaction unaccompanied with the pang of regret. I longed for enjoyments, but such only as could meet a strict justification in the eye of reason and virtue.

It is now more than two years, since, accompanied with a friend, I went to pass a short period in a small village a few miles from a well-known country town. To the pleasures of the country where I spent the years of my childhood, I was not a stranger; I therefore readily embraced an opportunity which afforded, what to a youthful mind is never disagreeable, a change of scene, and a prospect of indulging in those rural amusements which the summer season of the year promised.

The pictures of Theocritus and Virgil I had often contemplated with a sensation little short of rapture, and I longed to hasten to a place where, I flattered myself, the scenes of those charming poets would be agreeably realised.

During our stay in the country, we accepted an invitation to attend an assembly in the village, at which most of the young ladies then in the town were likewise to be present. Neither chance nor inclination had before led me, who was then between 15 and 16 years of age, to spend much time in the company of ladies; it is not then to be supposed that I should be entirely armed against the timid effects of bashfulness, and, though I by no means wished to forego the promised entertainment, I previously felt those disagreeable sensations, which only those who have experienced them can properly conceive. The company were assembled before my friend and I entered the room; when the usual compliments being paid, each gentleman proceeded to single out his partner in the dance; but I, alas! altogether unacquainted with any lady present, remained

motionless. I knew the claims on my gallantry, but had no^t courage to answer them; a crimson blush suffused my cheeks, and my limbs trembled from the strength of my perturbation. Yes! St. Albert, who arrived from the acknowledged seat of politeness and centre of gallantry, blushed before an assembly of village maidens. I silently deprecated my folly, but had no power to burst from my situation. After remaining some time in this pitiable dilemma, I was most agreeably relieved by the assistance of an acquaintance, who kindly requested the consideration of a lady in my behalf, who, as kindly accepted the proposal, and honoured me with the offer of her hand. I silently returned thanks to Matilda, which I afterwards understood to be her name, but was unable to repeat my gratitude. Shame had locked fast my lips, and I could by no means summon resolution, to elevate my eyes to those of my partner; and it was not till I was called on to lead the dance, that I recovered from my confusion, when suddenly roused by the gentle accents of Matilda, I raised my countenance to return an answer to the observation she had made; my eye immediately caught her's; this unexpected accident threw me again into a state of distressing uneasiness. The incessant reflection of my late conduct, and the knowledge of the opinion which the whole circle of ladies must infallibly entertain of my character, were too powerful considerations to permit me to assume an appearance of indifference; the glow of conscious impropriety suffused my countenance, and I should possibly have remained statue-like, in the same situation, had not Matilda in a tone of the sweetest harmony repeated her intimation that my inaction entirely interrupted the amusement. I blushed a deeper dye at my stupidity, and making a desperate effort, with trembling hand began to accompany Matilda down the dance. I knew not what I did—the figure was unheeded—the ranks disordered, and before I had passed three couple, an unfortunate step alighting on Matilda's habit, wounded it in such a manner, that she was unable to proceed, without entangling her feet in the aperture I had made. Heavens! what an accident! my distress returned with tenfold addition, and so overwhelmed was I with confusion at this increase of my misfortunes, that racked almost with despair, I retreated to a chair in a remote part of the room, without even imploring the forgiveness of Matilda for the clumsiness of my address; the disorder was now general, and the dance for a period destroyed; no one can imagine the horrors of my situ-

THE
INDIA

TO OUR
READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

EUGENIUS & ZANGA are under consideration.

The hint of a Subscriber shall be attended to.

ZOILUS is inadmissible.

Description of an Indian Insect—Character of SAINT
VINCENT DE PAUL—Essay on Industry, No. I. shall ap-
pear in our next.

THE
AMERICAN
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST 21, 1797.

ST. ALBERT.

A TRUE HISTORY.

WHEN the heart, enervated by affliction, sinks beneath its pressure, it is a consolation unknown but to distress, to recall the past occurrences and bring them separately under a mental review.

The following lines originate in fact, and have been transcribed by the author, to furnish a temporary relief to the mournful tenor of his disposition; if therefore the reader should sometimes be inclined to censure him for dulness and insipidity, let him remember that it is not the wild invention of a distempered fancy that courts his attention, but a simple history of truths, which few have not in some measure, at one time or another, experienced.

For the American Universal Magazine.



Engraved by T. Clark, Philad.

FONTENELLE.

THE
AMERICAN
UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

No. IV.]—MONDAY, AUGUST 21, 1797.—[Vol. III.

Embellished with a Portrait of Fontenelle.

CONTAINING,

St. Albert, a true History	219
An account of H. Barthelemy	224
Of early Indications of Character	229
General Reflections on Taste	235
General ideas on the Legislation of Lycurgus	239
The Old Man and his Dog	248
The Pleasure of Ruin	253
On the Conversion of Animal Substances, &c.	258
Origin of the materials of writing	263
An uncommon instances of Longevity	295
Method of freeing Apple Trees from Moths	298
Reflections on Dreaming, &c.	ibid.
The Philosophic Ephemerion	300
The Morals of Chess	301
Account of the Bread Fruit Tree, in the West Indies	305
On teaching the Classics	306
An anecdote of Dr. Young	307
A remarkable case of Abstinence	308
Anecdote	312

POETRY.

Elegy	313
On Genius	314
Constantia	315
To Content	316
Extempore	ibid.
Epigram	317
Epitaph	ibid.
On an Echo	ibid.
On Courtship	318
From Anacreon	ibid.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY SAMUEL H. SMITH and THOMAS SMITH,
No. 118, Chestnut street.

Where communications will be received.